POEMS

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

FIFTH EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE FORMER EDITION.

THE favourable reception theſe POEMS met with, as they ſeparately appeared, has induced me to collect them into a little volume, and preſent them, with ſome emendations, to the PUBLIC. The indulgence that firſt attended them, will not, I hope, forſake them in their preſent appearance.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE fugitive pieces which were publiſhed in a ſeparate collection, are now added to this volume: this edition, with its preſent contents, is the only one I avow, in which ſeveral alterations have been made, in the hopes of rendering it leſs unworthy of the public notice.

CONTENTS.

THE

MAGDALENS.

SEE to yon fane the ſuppliant nymphs repair,
At Virtue's ſhrine to breathe Contrition's ſigh:
Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,
And ſorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

Hark! they awake a ſolemn plaintive lay,
Where Grief with Harmony delights to meet:
Not Philomela from her lonely ſpray,
Trills her clear note more queruloufly ſweet.

Are theſe the fair (late Pleaſure's youthful quire)
Who wont the dome of Luxury to tread?
Appear in all the ſplendor of attire?
And vie in beauty with the high-born maid?

The ſmiling ſcences of Pleaſure they forſake,
Obey no more Amuſement's idle call,
Nor mingling with the ſons of mirth partake,
The treat voluptuous, or the feſtive ball.

For ſober weeds they change their flowing train,
Of the pearl bracelet ſtrip the graceful arm,
Conceal the breaſt that glow'd in ev'ry vein,
And madden'd into joy at Love's alarm:

No longer now the diamond's dazzling ray
Darts from the cunning treſſes of the hair;
Nor do thoſe treſſes any more diſplay
The colour'd plumes that ſported in the air.

Yet Beauty lingers on their mournful brow,
As loth to leave the cheek ſuffus'd with tears,
Which ſcarcely bluſhing with a languid glow,
Like Morn's faint beam thro' gath'ring miſt appears.

No more compare them to the gaudy flow'r,
Whoſe painted foliage wantons in the gale:
They look the lily drooping from the ſhow'r,
Or the pale violet ſick'ning in the vale.

If fond of empire and of conqueſt vain,
They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew,
Yet Blaz'd thoſe ſplendid altars to their bane,
The idol they, and they the victim too!

Once deſtitute of counſel, aid, or food,
Some helpleſs orphans in this dome reſide,
Who (like the wand'ring children in the wood)
Trod the rude paths of life without a guide.

Some who encircled by the great and rich
Were won by wiles and deep deſigning art,
By ſplendid bribes, and ſoft perſuaſive ſpeech,
Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

Some on whom Beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,
While adverſe ſtars all other gifts remov'd;
Who hurried from the dungeon's living tomb,
To ſcenes their inborn virtue diſapprov'd.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early ſtain,
A ſecond innocence is now their claim;
While in the precincts of this bleſs'd domain,
They baſk beneath the rays of riſing Fame.

So the young myrtles in Misfortune's day,
Nipt by the blaſt that ſwept their vernal bed,
In ſhelt'ring walls their tender leaves diſplay,
And wak'ning into life new fragrance ſhed.

Tho' white-wing'd Peace protect this calm abode,
Tho' each tumultuous paſſion be ſuppreſs'd,
Still Recollection wears a ſting to goad,
Still Conſcience wakes to rob their ſoul of reſt.

See one the tort'ring hour of mem'ry prove,
Who wrapt in penſive ſecrecy forlorn,
Sits muſing on the pledges of her love,
Who fell the victims of paternal ſcorn:

Forgot, deſerted in th' extremeſt need,
By him who ſhou'd have rear'd their tender age:
'Was this, Seducer, this the promis'd meed?'
She cries—then ſinks beneath Affliction's rage:

Her buſy mind recalls the fatal plain,
Which with ſlow lab'ring ſteps ſhe journey'd o'er,
Half-yielding to the fierce impetuous rain,
While in her arms two helpleſs babes ſhe bore:

Her mind recalls how at that awful hour
The diſmal owlet ſcream'd her ſhiv'ring note,
How ſhriek'd the ſpirit from the haunted tow'r,
While other ſounds of woe were heard remote:

How to the covert of a tott'ring ſhed,
As Night advanc'd, ſhe fearfully retir'd;
And as around the dark'ning horror ſpread,
Her famiſh'd infants on her breaſt expir'd:

How keeneſt Anguiſh bad her boſom bleed,
As there ſhe brooded o'er her hapleſs ſtate:
'Was this, Seducer, this the promis'd meed?'
She cries—then ſinks beneath Affliction's weight.

Another mourns her fall with grief ſincere,
Whom tranquil Reaſon tells ſhe's ſhun'd, diſdain'd,
Repuls'd as vile, by thoſe who held her dear,
Who call'd her once Companion, Siſter, Friend.

That recollects the day when loſt to ſhame,
She fondly ſacrific'd her veſtal charms,
Reſign'd the virgin's for an harlot's name,
And left a parent's for a ſpoiler's arms.

Imagination pictures to her mind
The father's rage, the mother's ſofter woe:
Unhappy pair! to that diſtreſs conſign'd,
A child can give, a parent only know.

At this deep ſcene, by Fancy drawn, impreſs'd,
The filial paſſions, in her heart revive:
Reproach vindictive, ruſhes on her breaſt,
To Nature's pangs too feelingly alive.

If this, or ſimilar tormenting thought,
Cling to their ſoul, when penſively alone,
For youth's offence, for Love's alluring fault,
Say, do they not ſufficiently atone?

Oh mock not then their penitential woes,
Thou who may'ſt deign to mark this humble theme;
Nor ſeek with foul deriſion to expoſe,
And give to Infamy their tainted name.

Nor deem me one of Melancholy's train,
If anxious for the ſorrow-wedded fair,
Tho' little ſkillful of that heav'nly ſtrain,
Whoſe melting numbers to the heart repair:

I ſteal impatient from the idle throng,
The roving gay companions of my age, *
To temper with their praiſe my artleſs ſong,
And ſoft-ey'd Pity in their cauſe engage.

'Tis Virtue's taſk to ſoothe Affliction's ſmart,
To join in ſadneſs with the fair diſtreſt:
Wake to another's pain the tender heart,
And move to clemency the gen'rous breaſt.

* This poem was firſt publiſh'd in 1763.

YARICO

TO

INKLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

INKLE is preparing to ſet out for England, after having ſold YARICO to a merchant at Barbadoes, 'notwithſtanding that the poor girl, (ſays the Spectator) 'to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told 'him that ſhe was with child by him: But he only 'made uſe of that information to riſe in his demands 'upon the purchaſer.'

YARICO TO INKLE.

WITH falſehood lurking in thy ſordid breaſt,
And perj'ry's ſeal upon thy heart impreſt,
Dar'ſt thou, Oh Chriſtain! brave the ſounding waves,
The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?
Regardleſs of my woes, ſecurely go,
No curſe-fraught accents from theſe lips ſhall flow:
My fondeſt wiſh ſhall catch thy flying ſail,
Attend thy courſe, and urge the fav'ring gale:
May ev'ry bliſs thy God confers be thine,
And all thy ſhare of woe compris'd in mine.

One humble boon is all I now implore,
Allow these feet to print their kindred shore:
Give me, Oh Albion's son! again to roam,
For thee deserted, my delightful home:
To view the groves that deck my native scene,
The limped stream, that graceful glides between:
Retrieve the fame I spurn'd at Love's decree,
Ascend the throne which I forsook for thee:
Approach the bow'r—(why starts th' unbidden tear?)
Where once thy YARICO to thee was dear.

The scenes the hand of Time has thrown behind,
Return impetuous to my busy mind:
'What hostile vessel quits the roaring tide
'To harbour here its tempest-beaten side?
'Behold the beach receives the ship-wreck'd crew:
'Oh mark their strange attire and pallid hue!
'Are these the Christains, restless sons of pride,
'By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied?

‘ Who tread with cunning ſtep the maze of art,
‘ And maſk with placid looks a canker'd heart?
‘ Yet note, ſuperior to the num'rous throng,
‘ (Even as the citron humbler plants among)
‘ That youth!—Lo! beauty on his graceful brow,
‘ With nameleſs charms bids ev'ry feature glow:
‘ Ah! leave, fair ſtranger, this unſocial ground,
‘ Where danger broods, and fury ſtalks around:
‘ Behold thy foes advance—my ſteps purſue
‘ To where I'll ſcreen thee from their fatal view:
‘ He comes, he comes! th' ambroſial feaſt prepare,
‘ The fig, the palm-juice, nor th' anâna ſpare:
‘ In ſpacious caniſters nor fail to bring
‘ The ſcented foliage of the bluſhing ſpring:
‘ Ye graceful handmaids, dreſs the roſeat bow'r,
‘ And hail with muſick this auſpicious hour—
‘ An no! forbear—be ev'ry lyre unſtrung,
‘ More pleaſing muſic warbles from his tongue;
‘ Yet utter not to me the lover's vow,
‘ All, all is thine that Friendſhip can beſtow:

'Our laws, my ſtation, check the guilty flame—
'Why was I born, ye powers, a Nubian dame?
'Yet ſee around, at Love's enchanting call,
'Stern laws ſubmit, and vain diſtinctions fall:
'And mortals then enjoy life's tranſient day,
'When ſmit with paſſion they indulge the ſway:
'Yes! crown'd with bliſs, we'll roam the conſcious grove,
'And drink long draughts of unexhauſted love:
'Nor joys alone, thy dangers too I'll ſhare,
'With thee the menace of the waves I'll dare:
'In vain—for ſmiles his brow deep frowns involve,
'The ſacred ties of Gratitude diſſolve,
'See Faith diſtracted rends her comely hair,
'His fading vows while tainted zephyrs bear!'

Oh thou, before whoſe ſeraph-guarded throne
The Chriſtians bow, and other Gods diſown,
If, wrapt in darkneſs, thou deny'ſt thy ray,
And ſhroud'ſt from NUBIA thy celeſtial day!

Indulge this fervent pray'r, to thee addreſs'd,
Indulge, tho' uttered from a ſable breaſt:
May gath'ring ſtorms eclipſe the chearful ſkies,
And mad'ning furies from thy hell ariſe:
With glaring torches meet his impious brow,
And drag him howling to the gulf below!
Ah no! May Heav'n's bright meſſengers deſcend,
Obey his call, his ev'ry wiſh attend!
Still o'er his form their hov'ring wings diſplay!
If he be bleſt, theſe pangs admit allay:
Me ſtill her mark let angry Fortune deem,
So thou may'ſt walk beneath her cloudleſs beam.
Yet oft to my rapt ear didſt thou repeat,
That I ſuffic'd to frame thy bliſs compleat.
Deluded ſex! the dupes of man decreed,
We, ſplendid victims, at his altar bleed.
The grateful accents of thy praiſeful tongue,
Where artful flatt'ry too perſuaſive hung,
Like flow'rs adorn'd the path to my diſgrace,
And bade Deſtruction wear a ſmiling face.

Yet form'd by Nature in her choiceſt mould,
While on thy cheek her bluſhing charms unfold,
Who could oppoſe to thee ſtern Virtue's ſhield?
What tender virgin would not wiſh to yield?
But pleaſure on the wings of Time was born,
And I expos'd a prey to tyrant ſcorn.
Of low-born traders—mark the hand of fate!
Is YARICO reduc'd to grace the ſtate,
Whoſe impious parents, an advent'rous band,
Imbrued with guiltleſs blood my native land:
Ev'n ſnatched my father from his regal ſeat,
And ſtretch'd him breathleſs at their hoſtile feet!
Ill-fated prince! The Chriſtians ſought thy ſhore,
Unſheath'd the ſword and mercy was no more.

But thou, fair ſtranger, cam'ſt with gentler mind
To ſhun the perils of the wrecking wind.
Admiſt thy foes thy ſafety ſtill I plan'd,
And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band:
Nor then unconſcious of the ſecret fire,
Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm deſire:

Ah pleaſing youth, kind object of my care,
Companion, Friend, and ev'ry name that's dear!
Say, from thy mind can'ſt thou ſo ſoon remove
The records graven by the hand of Love?
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,
The looſe-rob'd pleaſures danc'd unblam'd around:
Till to the ſight the growing burden prov'd
How thou o'ercam'ſt—and how, alas! I lov'd!
Too fatal proof! ſince thou with av'rice fraught,
Didſt baſely urge (ah! ſhun the wounding thought!)
That tender circumſtance—reveal it not,
Leſt torn with rage I curſe my fated lot:
Leſt ſtartled Reaſon abdicate her reign,
And Madneſs revel in this heated brain:
That tender circumſtance— inhuman part—
I will not weep, tho' ſerpents gnaw this heart:
Frail, frail reſolve! while guſhing from mine eye
The pearly drops theſe boaſtful words belie.
Alas! can Sorrow in this boſom ſleep,
Where ſtrikes Ingratitude her talons deep?

When he whom ſtill I love, to Nature dead,
Stabs Pleaſure as ſhe mounts the nuptial bed?
What time his guardian pow'r I moſt requir'd,
Againſt my fame and happineſs conſpir'd!
And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale?)
His faithful YARICO expos'd to ſale!
Yes, baſely urg'd (regardleſs of my pray'rs,
Ev'n while I bath'd his venal hand with tears)
The tend'reſt cirumſtance—I can no more—
My future child—to ſwell his impious ſtore:—
All, all mankind for this will riſe thy foe,
But I, alas! alone endure the woe:
Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,
The heart-lodged ſtings and agony of ſoul.—
Was it for this I left my native plain,
And dar'd the tempeſt brooding on the main?
For this unlock'd (ſeduc'd by Chriſtian art)
The chaſte affections of my virgin heart?
Within this boſom fan'd the conſtant flame,
And fondly languiſh'd for a Mother's name?

Lo! ev'ry hope is poiſon'd in its bloom,
And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illuſtrious circling thro' theſe veins,
Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebeian ſtains,
Thro' anceſtry's long line ennobled ſprings,
From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,
Muſt I the ſhafts of Infamy ſuſtain?
To Slav'ry's purpoſes my infant train?
To catch the glances of his haughty lord?
Attend obedient at the feſtive board?
From hands unſcepter'd take the ſcornful blow?
Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow?
Let this pervade at length thy heart of ſteal;
Yet, yet return, nor bluſh, Oh man! to feel:
Ah! guide thy ſteps from yon expecting fleet,
Thine injur'd YARICO relenting meet:
Bid her recline, woe-ſtricken, on thy breaſt,
And huſh her raging ſorrows into reſt.

If Pity can't allure thy ſteps from Vice,
Then from impending perils aſk advice:—
'Twas night—my ſolitary couch I preſs'd,
Till ſorrow-worn I wearied into reſt:
Methought—nor was it childiſh Fancy's flight:
My country's Genius ſtood confeſs'd to ſight:
'Let Europe's ſons (he ſaid) enrich their ſhore,
'With ſtones of luſtre, and barbâric ore:
'Adorn their country with their ſplendid ſtealth,
'Unnative foppery, and gorgeous wealth;
'Embelliſh ſtill her form with foreign ſpoils,
'Till like a gaudy proſtitute ſhe ſmiles:
'The day, th' avenging day at length ſhall riſe,
'And tears ſhall trickle from that harlot's eyes:
'Her own Gods ſhall prepare the fatal doom
'Lodg'd in Time's pregnant and deſtructive womb:
'The miſchief-bearing womb, theſe hands ſhall rend,
'And ſtraight ſhall iſſue forth Confuſion's fiend:
'Then ſhall my children urge the deſtin'd way,
'Invade the Chriſtian coaſt, and dare the day:

'Sue, as they rush upon them as a flood,
'Dishonour for dishonour, blood for blood.'

Say, ALBION youth, flow all my words in vain,
Like seeds that strew the rude ungrateful plain?
Say, shall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace?
Ne'er stretch these arms to catch the wish'd embrace?
Enough—with new-awak'd resentment fraught
Assist me, Heav'n! to tear him from my thought:
No longer vainly suppliant will I bow,
And give to love, what I to hatred owe;
Forgetful of the race from whence I came,
With woe acquainted, but unknown to shame.
Hence vile Dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r,
Thy bended knee, and still descending tear:
Rejoin, rejoin the pale-complexioned train—
The conflict's past—and I'm myself again.

Thou parent Sun! if e'er with pious lay,
I usher'd in thy world-reviving ray!

Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the weſt,
With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy reſt!
Beheld, with wond'ring eye, thy radiant ſeat,
Or ſought thy ſacred dome with unclad feet!
If near to thy bright altars as I drew,
My votive lamb, thy holy Flamen, ſlew!
Forgive! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,
Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame:
Ev'n on a Chriſtian, laviſh'd my eſteem,
And ſcorn'd the ſable children of thy beam.
This poinard, by my daring hand impreſt,
Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breaſt:
Nor I alone, by this immortal deed
From Slav'ry's laws my infant ſhall be freed.
And thou, whoſe ear is deaf to Pity's call,
Behold at length thy deſtin'd victim fall;
Behold thy once lov'd NUBIAN ſtain'd with gore,
Unwept, extended on the crimſon floor:
Theſe temples clouded with the ſhades of death,
Theſe lips unconſcious of the ling'ring breath:

Theſe eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by Fate's decree)
To catch expiring one faint glimpſe of thee.
Ah! then thy YARICO forbear to dread,
My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,
Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,
Or, more offenſive ſtill, implore thy love.

THE NUN

OR

ADALEIDA TO HER FRIEND.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All Beauty's treasure opening on her cheek:
Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs?
Thro' Nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate;
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does ſome angelic lonely-wiſp'ring voice,
Some ſacred impulſe, or ſome dream divine,
Applaud the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful ſhrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble baſe,
(While tears of rapture from thine eye-lid ſteal,
And ſmiling Heav'n illumes thy ſoul with grace)
Pronounce the vow thou never can'ſt repeal.

But if miſled by falſe-entitled friends,
Who ſay—' that Peace with all her comely train,
' From ſtarry regions to this clime deſcends,
' Smooths ev'ry frown, and ſoftens ev'ry pain;

' That veſtals tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,
' Approv'd of Innocence, by Health careſt:
' That rob'd in colours bright, by Fancy drawn,
' Celeſtial Hope ſits ſmiling at their breaſt.'

Suſpect their ſyren ſong and artful ſtyle,
Their pleaſing ſounds ſome treach'rous thought conceal;
Full oft does pride with ſainted voice beguile,
And ſordid int'reſt wear the maſk of zeal.

A tyrant abbeſs here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod;
Looks down diſdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloiſter with an iron rod.

Reflection ſickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing Mem'ry acts her buſy part;
Its charm the world unfolds to Fancy's eye,
And ſheds allurement on the youthful heart.

Lo! Diſcord enters at the ſacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her creſt:
Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps ſhe lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breaſt.

But ſince the legends of monaſtic bliſs,
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd;
Unbought experience learn from my diſtreſs,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three luſtres ſcarce with haſty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend;
A trembling victim to the temple led,
And (bluſh, ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what ſolemn ſcenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating ſound;
The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the prieſts around:

The train of youth array'd in pureſt white,
Who ſcatter'd myrtles as I paſs'd along;
The thouſand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiſs of Peace from all the veſtal throng;

The golden cenſers toſs'd with graceful hand,
Whoſe fragrant breath ARABIAN odor ſhed;
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing ſoul was caught in rapture's flame,
While ſacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein;
Methought applauding angels ſung my name,
And Heav'n's unſullied glories gilt the fane.

Methought in ſun-beams rob'd the heav'nly ſpouſe
Indulg'd the longings of my holy love:
Not undelighted heard my virgin vows—
While o'er the altar wav'd the myſtic dove.

This temporary tranſport ſoon expir'd,
My drooping heart confeſs'd a dreadful void:
Now helpleſs, heav'n-abandon'd, uninſpir'd,
I tread this dome, to Miſery allied.

No wakening joy informs my ſullen breaſt,
Thro' opening ſkies no radiant ſeraph ſmiles;
No ſaint deſcends to ſoothe my ſoul to reſt!
No dream of bliſs the dreary night beguils.

Here haggard Diſcontent ſtill haunts my view,
The umber'd genius reigns in ev'ry place;
Arrays each virtue in the darkeſt hue,
Chills ev'ry pray'r and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the chearleſs cell,
The gloomy grotto and the darkſome wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The chiding gale, and hoarſe-reſounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The ſad remembrance time ſhall ne'er eraſe)
When having ſeal'd th' irrevocable vow,
I haſten'd to receive her laſt embrace.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold,
This cloiſter'd ſcene in all its horror dreſt;
Nor did ſhe then my trembling ſteps with-hold,
When here I enter'd a reluctant gueſt.

Ah! could ſhe view her only child betray'd,
And let ſubmiſſion o'er her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling prieſt why did ſhe not upbraid,
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! ſhe might not—her relentleſs lord
Had ſeal'd her lips, and chid the riſing tear;
So Anguiſh in her breaſt conceal'd its hoard,
And all the Mother ſunk in dumb deſpair.

But thou who own'ſt a Father's ſacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthleſs deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And giv'n (Oh! blaſting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deſerve thy care,
Oh! haſte and bear her from this loneſome gloom:
In vain—no words can ſoothe his rigid ear;
And GALLIA's laws have riveted my doom.

Yet let me to my fate ſubmiſſive bow,
From fatal ſymptoms if I right conceive;
This ſtream, OPHELIA, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breaſt to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier,
To yonder vault this form ſhall be convey'd;
Thou'lt not refuſe to ſhed one grateful tear,
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting ſhade.

With pious footſteps join the ſable train,
As thro' the lengthening iſle they take their way:
A glimmering taper let thy hand ſuſtain,
Thy ſoothing voice attune the funeral lay.

Behold the miniſter who lately gave
The ſacred veil, in garb of mournful hue;
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And ſprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corſe he ſtrews the humbling duſt,
The ſterneſt heart will raiſe Compaſſion's ſigh;
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjuſt,
The tears may trickle from a FATHER's eye.

THE

NUNNERY.*

NOW pants the night-breeze thro' the darken'd air,
And Silence ſooths the veſtal world to reſt,
Save where ſome pale-ey'd novice (rapt in pray'r)
Heaves a deep moan and ſmites her guiltleſs breaſt.

Within thoſe ancient walls with moſs o'erſpread,
Where Grief and Innocence their vigils keep,
Each in her humble cell till midnight laid,
The gentle daughters of Devotion ſleep.

* This poem, which was placed at the end of the volume in the former edition, comes with greater propriety immediately after the NUN: for as there ADALEIDA foretels her fate, ſo is her death mentioned in the NUNNERY, and marked with ſome peculiar circumſtances, which render the preſent Poem a ſupplement to the preceding one.

Of Wantonneſs the pleaſure-breathing lay,
Or Laughter beck'ning from his roſy ſeat,
Or Vanity attir'd in colours gay,
Shall ne'er allure them from their ſober ſtate.

Domeſtic comforts they ſhall never know,
Nor voice of kindred reach their diſtant ear:
Ne'er with a mother's tranſport ſhall they glow,
While playful children charm the ling'ring year.

The various flow'rs in many a wreath they twine,
To crown the altar on ſome feſtive day;
How fervent do they kiſs each holy ſhrine?
How thro' the columns ſtreams the choral lay?

Let not Ambition mock with jeſt profane,
The life that woos Retreat's obſcureſt ſhade,
Nor worldly Beauty with a ſneer diſdain,
The humble duties of the cloiſter'd maid.

The glift'ning eye, the half-ſeen breaſt of ſnow,
The coral lip, the bluſh of Nature's bloom,
Awaits alike th' inexorable foe,
The paths of Pleaſure lead but to the tomb.

Perhaps in this drear manſion are confin'd
Some boſom form'd to love, unſpoil'd by art;
Charms that might ſoften the ſevereſt mind,
And wake to extacy the coldeſt heart.

Full many a riv'let wand'ring to the main,
Sequeſter'd pours its ſolitary ſtream:
Full many a lamp devoted to the fane,
Sheds unreguarded its nocturnal beam.

Some veil'd ELIZA (like the clouded ſun)
May here inglorious and conceal'd remain:
Some might (like EDITHA *) have rear'd a ſon,
To charm the realm with his enchanting ſtrain.

* Mr. POPE's Mother.

From Flatt'ry's lip to drink the ſweets of praiſe,
In conſcious charms with rivals ſtill to vie:
In circles to attract the partial gaze,
And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye:

Their lot forbids: nor does alone remove,
The thirſt of praiſe, but ev'n their crimes reſtrain:
Forbids thro' Folly's labyrinth to rove,
And yield to Vanity the flowing rein.

To rear 'mid Hymen's joys domeſtic ſtriſe,
Or ſeek that converſe which they ought to ſhun;
To looſe the ſacred ties of nuptial life,
And give to many what they vow'd to one.

What tho' they're ſprinkled with etherial dew!
With blooming wreaths by hands of ſeraphs crown'd!
Tho' Heav'n's unfading ſplendors burſt to view,
And harps celeſtial to their ear reſound!

Still Recollection prompts the frequent ſigh,
The chearful ſcenes of younger days ariſe;
Still to their native home their wiſhes fly,
Affection's ſtream ſtill guſhes from their eyes:

For who entranc'd in viſions from above,
The thought of kindred razes from the mind?
Feels in the ſoul no warm returning love,
For ſome endear'd companion left behind?

Their joy-encircled hearth as they forſook,
From ſome fond breaſt reluctant they withdrew;
As from the deck they ſent a farewell look,
Fair ALBION ſunk for ever to their view.

For thee who mindful of th' encloiſter'd train,
Doſt in theſe lines their mournful tale relate,
If by Compaſſion guided to this fane,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate:

Haply ſome matron-veſtal may reply,
" Oft have we heard him, when Light's ling'ring ray,
" Scarce mark'd its paſſage thro' the dark'ning ſky,
" At yonder altar join the veſper-lay.

" Where hapleſs ADALEIDA ſought repoſe,
" Oft at yon grave wou'd he her fate condole!
" And in his breaſt as ſcenes of grief aroſe,
" He ſaw aſcending-ſlow her ſpotleſs ſoul:

Peace to my EDWARD'*s heart the viſion ſaid,*
Ah not unſeen thou ſhed'ſt that grateful tear;
I wait at night to catch thy wonted tread,
And thank thy faithful love that Sorrows here.

" One eve I miſs'd him at the hour divine;
" Along that iſle, and in the ſacriſty:
" Another came, not yet beſide the ſhrine,
" Not at the font, nor in the church was he:

" The next we heard the bell of Death intone,
" And to his grave we mov'd a mournful band.
" Approach and read on this ſepulchral ſtone,
" Theſe lines engrav'd by Friendſhip's holy hand."

E P I T A P H.

Pauſe o'er the youth—nor grudge the ſhort delay—
Full ſoon his little hiſtory is told—
He gave to Solitude the penſive day,
And Pity fram'd his boſom of her mould.

THE

DESERTER.

BY others bleſt with genius' rays
Let noble acts be told,
While I, content with humbler praiſe,
A ſimple tale unfold:

The SPANIARD left the hoſtile plain,
To ſeek his native land,
Beneath the ſails that ſwept the main,
CABEYSA join'd the band:

Who, as he met his country's foes,
Within the field of Fame,
Above his rank obſcure aroſe
And graced his humble name:

Yet not the early wreath of Fame
With haughtineſs was twin'd:
Nor pride nor ficklenefs could claim
The empire of his mind:

The lowly hut, beneath whoſe roof
He ſigh'd a ſad adieu,
Receiv'd him (time and diſtance-proof)
To Love and LAURA true:

This hamlet-fair, by Fortune ſcorn'd,
Seem'd Nature's fav'rite child,
With hand profuſe by her adorn'd
—The flowret of the wild!

Her neat but homely garments preſs'd
The pure, the feeling heart,
Oft ſought in vain behind the veſt
Of decorated art;

" If ſharing all thy cares (ſhe ſaid)
" Has paled my beauty's roſe,
" Ah know! for thee the heart that bled,
" With all its paſſion glows:

" Bleſt moment to my wiſh that gives
" The long long abſent youth!
" He lives—th' endear'd CABEYSA lives,
" And Love confirms the truth.

" When thy brave comrades fell around,
" What pow'r's benignant care
" Secur'd thee from the fatal wound?
" And LAURA from deſpair?

" Oft in the troubling dream of night
" I ſaw the ruſhing ſpear;
" Nor did the Morn's awak'ning light
" Diſpel the ling'ring fear.

" Thy tender fears (the youth replied)
" Ah give them to the air!
" To happineſs we're now allied,
" And pleaſure be our care:

" Let us purſue the joy begun,
" Nor loſe by dull delay:
" Say, LAURA, ſhall to-morrow's ſun
" Illume our nuptial day?"

With look declin'd ſhe bluſh'd conſent—
Reſerve that takes alarm,
And Love and Joy their influence lent
To raiſe meek Beauty's charm.

The gueſts, to hail the wedded pair,
Beneath their roof repair'd;
With them the little feaſt to ſhare
Their ſcanty purſe prepar'd:

Tho' no delicious wines were pour'd,
  Mirth took his deſtin'd place,
The hand-maid Neatneſs ſpread the board,
  And ſage Content ſaid grace.

Scarce thro' one haſty week had Love
  His grateful bleſſings ſhed,
When bliſs (as flies the frighted dove)
  Their humble manſion fled:

'Twas at BELLONA's voice it flew,
  That call'd to War's alarms:
Bad the youth riſe to valor true,
  And break from LAURA's arms:

But ſhe ſtill ſtrained him to her heart,
  To lengthen the adieu:
" Ah what, (ſhe ſaid) ſhould'ſt thou depart,
  " Shall I and Sorrow do?

" Say, valiant youth, when thou'rt away
" Who'll raiſe my drooping head?
" How ſhall I chace the fears that ſay
" Thy lov'd CABEYSA's dead?

" With thine my fate I now involve,
" Intent thy courſe to ſteer;
" No words ſhall ſhake my firm reſolve,
" Not ev'n that trickling tear:

" Fram'd for each ſcene of ſoft delight,
" (He ſaid) thy gentle form,
" As ſhrinks the lily at the blight,
" Will droop beneath the ſtorm:

" Bleſt in thy preſence! ev'ry pain
" (She added) brings its charm,
" And Love, tho' falls the beating rain,
" Will keep this boſom warm.

Ev'n as the wall-flow'r rears its head,
'Mid ruins, wrecks and tombs,
So 'mid the woes around that ſpread,
True Love unconquer'd blooms.

Her zeal (the ſupplement of ſtrength)
Upheld her many a day,
But Nature's pow'rs ſubdued at length,
On Sickneſs' couch ſhe lay:

Three painful days unſeen ſhe lay
Of him ſhe held ſo dear:
" Ah does he thus my love repay?
She ſaid—and dropt a tear:

" CABEYSA, at a league's remove,
" Dwells on the tent-ſpread hill:
" Ah wherefore did he vow true love,
" And not that vow fulfil?

Yet not deficiency of truth
Forbad to yield relief,
Stern pow'r with-held the tender youth,
And duty to his chief:

Who wisely-counsel'd drew a line,
To check the hand of Stealth,
That ravag'd wide th' encircling vine,
The humble peasant's wealth:

To pass the line, it was ordain'd,
Whoever shou'd presume,
Should a Deserter be arraign'd,
And meet the coward's doom:

This law by Equity approv'd,
And to the peasant dear,
Soon to the brave CABRYSA prov'd
Destructively severe:

Now LAURA's image haunts his ſoul,
In Woe's dark tints array'd:
While to his breaſt Compaſſion ſtole,
And all her claims diſplay'd:

" For me her native home, (he ſaid)
" For me each weeping friend,
" For me a Father's arms ſhe fled—
And ſhall not Love attend?

" Say for a choſen lover's ſake,
" What more cou'd woman do?
" And now that Health and Peace forſake
" Shall I forſake her too?

" Now ſtretch'd upon the naked ground,
" Oppreſs'd with pain and fear,
" She caſts a languid eye around,
" Nor ſees CABEYSA near:

" Now, now ſhe weeps at my delay,
" And ſhall neglect be mine?
" Submit, ye fears, to Pity's ſway!
He ſpoke—and croſs'd the line.

Soon at his ſight the fair reſum'd
Each captivating grace:
On her pale cheek the roſe rebloom'd,
And ſmiles illum'd her face.

Yet to that cheek return'd in vain
Bright Health's vermilion dye,
For bitter tears that cheek ſhall ſtain,
And dim her brilliant eye:

The youth returning thro' the gloom,
At Midnight's ſecret hour,
Was ſeiz'd—and to Diſhonour's tomb
Doom'd by the martial pow'r.

To meet his fate at wake of day,
(Love's victim) he was led,
No weakneſs did his cheek betray,
While to the chief he ſaid:

" If in the battle death I've dar'd,
" In all its horror dreſt,
" Think not this ſcene, by thee prepar'd,
" Sheds terror on my breaſt:

" Yet then at LAURA's hapleſs fate,
" My fortitude impairs,
" Unmann'd I ſink beneath the weight
" Of her oppreſſive cares:

" Ah! when her grief-torn heart ſhall bleed,
" Some little ſolace grant,
" Oh guard her in the hour of need
" From the rude hand of Want.

Now, kneeling on the fatal ſpot,
He twin'd the dark'ning band:
The twelve, who drew the unwelcome lot,
Reluctant took their ſtand:

And now the murm'ring throng grew dumb,
'Twas ſilence all—ſave where,
At intervals, the mournful drum
Struck horror on the ear:

Now, with their death-fraught tubes up-rear'd,
The deſtin'd twelve were ſeen—
And now the exploſion dire was heard
That clos'd CABEYSA's ſcene.

Another ſcene remain'd behind
For LAURA to ſupply—
She comes! mark how her tortur'd mind
Speaks thro' th' expreſſive eye:

" Forbear—will ye in blood (ſhe ſaid)
" Your cruel hands imbrue?
" On me, on me your vengeance ſhed,
" To me alone 'tis due;

" Relent—and to theſe arms again
" The valiant youth reſtore.
" I rave—already on the plain
" He welters in his gore.

Advancing now, ſhe pierc'd the crowd,
And reach'd the fatal place,
Where, lifting from the corſe the ſhroud,
No ſemblance cou'd ſhe trace.

" Is this—oh blaſting view! (ſhe cried)
" The youth who lov'd too well!
" His love for me the law defied,
" And for that love he fell.

" When will the grave this form receive!
" the grave to which he's fled?
" There, only there, I'll ceaſe to grieve.
She ſpoke—
And join'd the dead.

ILLATTE

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

YE fair, for whom the hands of HYMEN weave
The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,
While pleasing pains the conscious bosom heave,
And on the kindling cheek the blushes glow:

Whose spotless soul contains the better dow'r,
Whose life unstain'd full many virtues vouch,
For whom now Venus frames the fragrant bow'r,
And scatters roses o'er the destin'd couch:

To you I sing.—Ah! ere the raptur'd youth,
With trembling hand, removes the jealous veil,
Where, long regardless of the vows of truth,
Unsocial coyness stamp'd th' ungrateful seal:

Allow the poet round your flowing hair,
Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,
To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,
And wake the lute beſide that living ſhrine:

That ſacred ſhrine! where female virtue glows,
Where ev'n the Graces all their treaſures bring,
And where the lily, temper'd with the roſe,
Harmonious contraſt! breathes an Eden ſpring:

That ſhrine! where Nature with preſaging aim,
What time her friendly aid LUCINA brings,
The ſnowy nectar pours, delightful ſtream!
Where flutt'ring Cupids dip their purple wings:

For you who bear a Mother's ſacred name,
Whoſe cradled offſpring, in lamenting ſtrain,
With artleſs eloquence aſſerts his claim,
The boon of Nature, but aſſerts in vain:

Say why, illuſtrious daughters of the great,
Lives not the nurſling at your tender breaſt?
By you protected in his frail eſtate?
By you attended, and by you careſs'd?

To venal hands, alas! can you reſign
The Parent's taſk, the Mother's pleaſing care?
To venal hands the ſmiling babe conſign?
While HYMEN ſtarts, and Nature drops a tear.

When 'mid the poliſh'd circle ye rejoice,
Or roving join fantaſtic Pleaſure's train,
Unheard perchance the nurſling lifts his voice,
His tears unnotic'd, and unſooth'd his pain.

Ah! what avails the coral crown'd with gold?
In heedleſs Infancy the title vain?
The colours gay the purfled ſcarfs unfold?
The ſplendid nurs'ry, and th' attendant train?

Far better hadſt thou firſt beheld the light,
Beneath the rafter of ſome roof obſcure;
There in a Mother's eye to read delight,
And in her cradling arm repoſe ſecure.——

Nor wonder, ſhould HYGEIA, bliſsful Queen!
Her wonted ſalutary gifts recall,
While haggard Pain applies his dagger keen,
And o'er the cradle Death unfolds his pall.

The flow'ret raviſh'd from its native air,
And bid to flouriſh in a foreign vale,
Does it not oft elude the planter's care,
And breathe its dying odors on the gale?

For you, ye plighted fair, when Hymen crowns
With tender offspring your unſhaken love,
Behold them not with Rigor's chilling frowns,
Nor from your ſight unfeelingly remove.

Unſway'd by Faſhion's dull unſeemly jeſt,
Still to the boſom let your infant cling,
There banquet oft, an ever-welcome gueſt,
Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful ſpring.

With fond ſolicitude each pain aſſuage,
Explain the look, awake the ready ſmile;
Unfeign'd attachment ſo ſhall you engage,
To crown with gratitude maternal toil:

So ſhall your daughters in Affliction's day,
When o'er your form the gloom of age ſhall ſpread,
With lenient converſe chaſe the hours away,
And ſmoothe with Duty's hand the widow'd bed:

Approach, compaſſionate, the voice of Grief,
And whiſper patience to the cloſing ear:
From Comfort's chalice miniſter relief,
And in the potion drop a filial tear.

So ſhall your Sons, when beauty is no more,
When fades the languid luſtre in your eye,
When Flatt'ry ſhuns her dulcet notes to pour,
The want of beauty, and of praiſe, ſupply:

Ev'n from the wreath that decks the warrior's brow,
Some choſen leaves your peaceful walks ſhall ſtrew:
And ev'n the flow'rs on claſſic ground that blow,
Shall all unfold their choiceſt ſweets for you.

When to th' embattled hoſt the trumpet blows,
While at the call fair ALBION's gallant train
Dare to the field their triple-number'd foes,
And chaſe them ſpeeding o'er the martial plain:

The mother kindles at the glorious thought,
And to her ſon's renown adjoins her name;
For, at the nurt'ring breaſt, the *Hero* caught
The love of Virtue, and the love of Fame.

Or in the ſenate when Britannia's cauſe,
With gen'rous themes, inſpires the glowing mind,
While liſt'ning Freedom grateful looks applauſe,
Pale Slav'ry drops her chain, and ſculks behind:

With conſcious joy the tender parent fraught,
Still to her ſon's renown adjoins her name;
For, at the nurt'ring breaſt, the *Patriot* caught
The love of Virtue, and the love of Fame.

MATILDA.

Ou ſont les entrailles, les cris, les emotions puiſſantes de la Nature ?——C'eſt dans l'ame brulante et paſſionnée des Meres.

Monſieur Thomas, Eſſai ſur les femmes.

OUtrageous did the loud wind blow
Acroſs the ſounding main :
The veſſel toſſing to and fro,
Could ſcarce the ſtorm ſuſtain.

MATILDA to her fearful breaſt,
Held cloſe her infant dear,
His preſence all her fears increas'd,
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful ſhore,
The ſhatter'd veſſel drew:
The daring waves now ceas'd to roar,
Now ſhout the exulting crew.

MATILDA with a Mother's joy,
Gave thanks to heav'n's pow'r:
How fervent ſhe embrac'd her boy!
How bleſt the ſaving hour!

Oh much deceiv'd and hapleſs fair,
Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou, from that fatal moment, ne'er
Did'ſt taſte of pleaſure more;

For ſtepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground,
The Babe, unclaſping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye
  Gave not a tear to flow,
Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh,
  She stood a sculptur'd woe.

To snatch the child from instant death,
  Some brav'd the threat'ning main,
And to recall his fleeting breath
  Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corse first met her view,
  Stretch'd on the pebbly strand,
Rous'd from her ecstasy she flew,
  And pierc'd th' opposing band.

With tresses discompos'd and rude,
  Fell prostrate on the ground,
To th' infant's lips her lips she glew'd,
  And Sorrow burst its bound.

Now throwing round a troubled glance,
With Madneſs' ray inflam'd,
And, breaking from her ſilent trance,
She wildly thus exclaim'd:

'Heard ye the helpleſs infant ſcream?
'Saw ye the mother bold?
'How as ſhe flung him in the ſtream,
'The billows o'er him roll'd.

'But ſoft, a while——ſee there he lies,
'Embalm'd in infant ſleep:
'Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,
'What cauſe is here to weep?

'Yes, yes—his little life is fled,
'His heaveleſs breaſt is cold:
'What tears will not thy Mother ſhed,
'When thy ſad tale is told?

‘ Ah me! that cheek of livid hue——
‘ That brow—that auburn hair——
‘ Thoſe lips where late the roſes blew,
‘ All, all my Son declare.

‘ Strange thrilling horrors chill each vein—
‘ A voice in accents wild
‘ Thunders to this diſtracted brain,
“ MATILDA ſlew her child.”

She added not—but ſunk oppreſs’d—
Death on her eye-lids ſtole:
While from her grief-diſtracted breaſt
She ſigh’d her tortur’d ſoul.

THE

SWEDISH CURATE,

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

GUSTAVUS VASA, after his escape from his confinement in DENMARK, was received, as he travelled through SWEDEN in disguise, by SUVERDSIO, a country Curate; who, at the hazard of his life, concealed him in the parish church.

See the Revolutions of Sweden by Vertot.

THE

SWEDISH CURATE.

BENEATH the friendly veil that midnight ſpread,
GUSTAVUS to the patriot prieſt was led,
An humble, plain, diſintereſted man,
Who rear'd his uſeful life on Virtue's plan:
Pleas'd to behold, entruſted to his care,
The hopes of Sweden, and fair Freedom's heir;
Leſt ſpies ſhould ſtill their privacy invade,
He to Religion's doom the Chief convey'd:
There unreſtrain'd he gladly own'd his gueſt,
And yielded to the zeal that fir'd his breaſt.

"Beneath yon hollow'd lamp's reſplendent light,
"Which glows a brilliant on the breaſt of Night,
"Let me thy long-loſt image now ſurvey,
"And grateful homage to GUSTAVUS pay:
"Oppreſs'd, o'erthrown at CHRISTIERN's dire decree,
"Unhappy Sweden ſtill looks up to thee."

" Do'ſt thou with honeſt and indignant zeal,
" The hero anſwer'd, ſpeak of Sweden's weal?
" Lament the ills the Daniſh hands achieve?
" Or do'ſt thou flatter only to deceive?
" Then be it ſo—call forth thy murd'ring train,
" And ſummon to my bier the cruel Dane,
" Thus to Preferment's ſummit ſhalt thou riſe,
" And catch the hov'ring mitre for thy prize.

" Misjudging youth, the ſacred Seer replied,
" Suppreſs th' injurious doubt, and ſtill confide;
" Tho' indigent I ſtand! yet far above
" The hov'ring mitre is my country's love:
" Let others to the gilded croſs aſpire,
" And from the crozier catch Ambition's fire,
" And as they baſk in Leo's ſoft'ring ray,
" Their wealth, their pride, their pageantry diſplay;
" Let me, by grandeur undiſturb'd, unſeen,
" Content inſpher'd in Duty's humbler ſcene,
" Sequeſter'd lead my unaſpiring days,
" And quench at Virtue's fount the thirſt of praiſe:

" Be mine to dwell amidſt the village ſwains,
" Survey their pleaſures, and partake their pains,
" Still to their wants unfold my little ſtore,
" And place Contentment at the cottage door.
" Ah, deem me then no longer Falſhood's ſon,
" (By ſome diſhoneſt meed's allurement won)
" Prompt to ſurpriſe thee with ignoble art,
" And thro' thy boſom pierce my country's heart.
" Avert it Heav'n—Shall on this hallow'd ground,
" Where all Religion's terrors breathe around,
" Say, ſhall Venality, with artful mien,
" Dare to profane this venerable ſcene?
" —Yon diſtant altar, dreſs'd in ſimple guiſe,
" Which ſeems from out th' encircling tombs to riſe,
" From whoſe dread baſe at each returning day,
" While o'er the world ten luſtres roll'd away,
" I've ſent to Heav'n, upon the wings of pray'r,
" The hamlet's homage and the hamlet's care,
" Shall ne'er behold me tott'ring o'er my grave,
" Falſe to my country, treach'rous to the brave."

The Chief, convinc'd, replies—" Oh virtuous Seer,
" Thy firm intrepid zeal I now revere :
" That honour-breathing voice, those silver hairs,
" That candid brow, engrav'd with Wisdom's cares,
" All strike my soul with Truth's unclouded ray,
" Before whose warmth Suspicion melts away.

" Thrice happy hour! th' exulting Pastor said,
" Let injur'd Sweden raise her drooping head,
" For lo her godlike Hero comes to save
" Her laws, her rights, her freedom from the grave.
" —Urg'd in thy absence by intruding fears,
' We thought thee dead, and bath'd that thought in tears."

" My death, the Chief return'd, the Dane decreed,
" But fear, the tyrant's curse, forbade the deed :
" Yet then the monarch spread his treach'rous sails,
" And by the favor of conspiring gales,
" Convey'd me on his rapid bark away,
" To his intrusted faith an helpless prey ;

" Yet ſtill ſeverer fate to me remain'd;
" This arm the unrelenting CHRISTIERN chain'd.
" Can'ſt thou conceive the pangs that ſtung my breaſt,
" I who to Fame my ardent vows addreſs'd,
" When for th' unblemiſh'd luſtre of renown,
" That plays encircling on young Valour's crown,
" Condemn'd by Fortune's inauſpicious doom,
" Theſe eyes were blaſted with a priſon's gloom
" In ev'ry plan, in all my wiſhes croſs'd,
" Theſe arms, my zeal, my youth to Sweden loſt.
" But Heaven, that watches with paternal care
" The blameleſs ſuff'rer, rais'd me from deſpair,
" Gave, to my longing hopes, the welcome hour,
" Decreed to ſnatch me from the Daniſh pow'r:
" Yet then new Sorrows did my path purſue,
" In ſcenes preſented to my mournful view:
" Still as I wander'd o'er my native land,
" I mark'd the ravage of a tyrant's hand:
" Rich Induſtry had fled the naked plains,
" To Slav'ry's banners march'd th' unwilling ſwains:

" Each lofty ſeat that crown'd the mountain's brow,
" And frown'd defiance on th' invading foe,
" Spoil'd of its honours, deſolate, diſgrac'd,
" Its turrets fallen! its battlements defac'd!
" Seem'd to the penſive traveller to ſay,
" *Behold the dire effect of lawleſs ſway!*
" The dreary ſcene unequal to ſuſtain,
" I ſigh'd—and languiſh'd for my chains again:
" Yet other ills, perchance, I've ſtill to know,
" Perchance GUSTAVUS feels but half his woe.
" Averſe to walk beneath the eye of day,
" Thro' night I urg'd my ſolitary way;
" Where'er I went my name I ſtill ſuppreſs'd,
" And lock'd each bold enquiry in my breaſt."

The prieſt renew'd " Heart-wounded I unveil,
" Replete with Sweden's woes, the cover'd tale:
" The barb'rous ſcene now rip'ning into fate,
" The Daniſh King unbarr'd Deſtruction's gate*:

* Alluding to the maſſacre of the ſenate at Stockholm.

" When, for the pomp, th' imperial town ſurvey'd
" The ſplendid ſcenery that joy diſplay'd,
" (While to the ſound of flutes and feſtive ſong
" The new crown'd Dane triumphant paſs'd along)
" Stern Tyranny thro' trembling Stockholm bore
" Her tort'ring wheel and axes ſtain'd with gore:
" While at her ſide a captive train appear'd—
" Illuſtrious train! by Liberty rever'd:
" Still as they paſs'd, they heard around them riſe
" The people's loud laments and piercing cries:
" Theſe eyes beheld (and do I live to tell)
" How firm to Truth theſe patriot martyrs fell.
" Firſt on the ſcaffold, proud to lead the way
" To honour'd death from ignominious day,
" Appea r'd—Ah let me not that ſcene diſcloſe,
" And pour upon thy ſoul a flood of woes:
" Here will I pauſe—yet wherefore thus conceal
" What babbling Fame will ſoon to thee reveal?
" Oh ſummon all thy fortitude of heart,
" For I muſt wound it in the tend'reſt part:

" He on the tragic ſcene who firſt appear'd
" To meet the bloody axe that CHRISTIERN rear'd,
" Unblam'd through life, a venerable Seer,
" For whom now guſhes this unbidden tear,
" Who Virtue's ſteep aſcent unrivall'd won,
" Rever'd, regretted, call'd GUSTAVUS ſon."

Th' aſtoniſh'd Hero, at his words oppreſs'd,
Like Sorrow's image ſtands with voice ſuppreſs'd:
The Prieſt, unequal to diſpenſe relief,
Stood at his ſide enwrapp'd in ſilent grief.
—Now breaking from the chains Affliction fram'd,
And burſting into voice, the youth exclaim'd:
" Oh injur'd ſpirit of my father hear,
" By yon dread altar and theſe ſhrines I ſwear,
" The baſe inhumam Dane the day ſhall rue
" He dar'd the ſcaffold with thy blood imbrue:
" A monitor within, to which I yield,
" Stirs and impels me to th' avenging field."
He ſaid—a deeper darkneſs ſeem'd to reign,
A hollow wind ran murm'ring thro' the fane,

When lo, aſcending from the realms of Night,
An awe-commanding ſpectre ruſh'd to ſight:
Around his temples ſeem'd the civic wreath,
And thus prophetic ſpoke the ſon of Death:
" Ariſe to vidicate the ſacred laws,
" Revenge thy father's and thy country's cauſe:
" Ariſe! to MORA's diſtant field repair,
" Where Freedom's banners catch the playful air;
" Beneath whoſe ſhade for thee impatient ſtand,
" Prepar'd to combat, an intrepid band:
" But whether in the bold enſanguin'd ſtrife
" Thou ſhalt or forfeit or prolong thy life—
" Thy foes ſhall fall—This to thy knowledge giv'n,
" The reſt lies buried in the breaſt of Heav'n:
" Still let my wrongs ſupport thee in the fight"—
He ceas'd—and inſtant vaniſh'd into night.

The Paſtor ſpoke—" Go forth, illuſtrious chief,
" At Heav'n's commandment, to the realm's relief:
" Yet then indulge me in this bold requeſt,
" Say, Is each meaner thought ſubdued to reſt?

" Say, In this ſolemn and important hour,
" Glows not thy boſom with the luſt of pow'r?

" Not all the radiant ſun-beams of renown,
" Nor yet the dazzling luſtre of a crown,
" Shall e'er, the youth replies, this heart controul
" —My country's love poſſeſſes all my ſoul.
" Ev'n as the bird that from its aſhes ſprings,
" And ſoars aloft upon exulting wings,
" So does my country's love its birth aſſume,
" And mount triumphant from the paſſions' tomb.

" But ſhould I view, unnumber'd with the ſlain,
" 'Tis all I aſk, fair Freedom's future reign:
" Then from my gratitude thy voice ſhall claim
" All that thy want or fondeſt wiſh can frame.
" No ſplendid gifts, the virtuous man rejoin'd,
" Have pow'r to move the duty-center'd mind:
" Yet would thy gratitude my love ſecure,
" Then be, Oh Chief! a father to the poor:

" Farewell—No longer will I now detain
" Thy wanted preſence from th' embattled plain:
" Illuſtrious offspring of an honour'd race,
" Allow my warm attachment this embrace."
He ſpoke—and, with a love devoid of art,
He preſs'd GUSTAVUS to his feeling heart.
Now, breaking from the youth's encircling arms,
Reſign'd him to his fate and War's alarms:
Then to the ſacred altar he repair'd,
And thus aloud his ardent vows preferr'd:
" Oh Thou that liv'ſt enſhrin'd from mortal eye,
" Look down indulgent from thy ſacred ſky,
" See the bold youth aſcend BELLONA's car,
" And ſafely guide him thro' the walks of War.
" On Freedom's brow be his the wreath to twine,
" To ſee that happy glorious day be mine."
He added not—Heav'n granted half his pray'r,
The reſt was ſcatter'd to th' abortive air.
Scarce had the Chief commenc'd his bold career,
When ſlept the Curate on his peaceful bier:

There heav'd the village ſwain the ſigh profound,
There ſtood the grateful poor lamenting round.
Thus mourn'd, thus honour'd fell, the hallow'd ſage,
A bright example to each future age!
The hamlet, jealous of her Paſtor's fame,
Adorn'd her ſimple annals with his name.

THE FUNERAL OF ARABERT MONK OF LA TRAPPE: A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ARABERT, a young eccleſiaſtic, retired to the convent of *La Trappe*, in obedience to a vow he had taken during a fit of Illneſs: LEONORA, with whom he had lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy, followed her lover, and by the means of a diſguiſe, obtained admiſſion into the monaſtery, where a few days after ſhe aſſiſted at her lover's Funeral.

THE

FUNERAL, &c.

FAIR LEONORA, by Affliction led,
Sought the dread dome where ſleep the hallow'd dead:
The ſolemn edifice was wrapt around,
In midnight darkneſs, and in peace profound:
A ſolitary lamp, with languid light,
Serv'd not to chaſe, but to diſcloſe the night;
Serv'd to diſcloſe (the ſource of all her pains)
The tomb that gap'd for ARABERT's remains:
To this, ſhe ſent the deep, the frequent ſigh,
And ſpoke—the warm tear ruſhing from her eye.

'Doom'd to receive all that my ſoul holds dear,
'Give him that reſt his heart refus'd him here;

'Oh ſcreen him from the pain the tender know,
'The train of ſorrows that from paſſion flow!
'And to his happier envied ſtate adjoin,
'(Or all is vain) an ignorance of mine.'

As thus ſhe mourn'd, an aged prieſt drew near,
(Whoſe pure life glided as the riv'let clear)
The virtuous ANSELM.—Tho' in cloiſters bred,
Still bright-ey'd Wiſdom to his cell he led:
From paths of ſophiſtry he lov'd to ſtray,
To tread the walk where Nature led the way.
The Prior's rank he long had held approv'd,
Eſteem'd, rever'd, and as a parent lov'd:
Unſkilful in the jargon of the ſchools,
He knew Humanity's diviner rules:
To others gentle, to himſelf ſevere,
On Sorrow's wound he dropt the healing tear,
In all the negligence of grief he found,
The fair extended on the naked ground.

Touch'd at her woe the ſacred father ſaid,
' Well may'ſt thou droop if Happineſs be fled:
' Sure, if at holy ARABERT's deceaſe,
' Impetuous ſorrows ruſh upon thy peace,
' Some much-lov'd friend in him you muſt deplore,
' Or, dearer ſtill, a brother is no more:
' Yet, as thro' life our weary ſteps we bend,
' Let us not ſink when beating ſtorms deſcend:
' Still let Religion hold unrival'd ſway,
' And Patience walk companion of our way.
' Ah, loſe not ſight of that delightful ſhore,
' Whoſe bliſsful bow'rs ſhall friends to friends reſtore!
' Tho' here Misfortune comes to blaſt our will,
' The Heav'ns are juſt, and God a Father ſtill.'

' Bleſt be the voice, the riſing mourner ſaid,
' That bids Affliction raiſe her drooping head:
' That bids me hope (beyond ev'n Death's domain)
' Theſe eyes ſhall banquet on my love again.
' Ah, ſtart not, ANSELM—for to truth allied,
' Impiety now throws her maſk aſide:

' No holy Monk by Contemplation led,
' To these sequester'd mansions of the dead;
' No youth devoted to Religion's pow'r,
' Implores thy pity at this awful hour.——
' The guilty secret—I'll at length unfold—
' In me—(forgive) a woman you behold.
' Ah fly me not, let Mercy now prevail,
' And deign to mark my sad disast'rous tale.

' Known to Misfortune from my tender years,
' My parents' ashes drank my early tears:
' A barb'rous uncle, to each vice allied,
' The office of a parent ill supplied:
' Of my entire inheritance possess'd,
' By lucre prompted, and by fortune blest,
' He pass'd the ocean never to return,
' And left me weeping o'er my parents' urn:
' Then ARABERT, the gen'rous stranger came,
' To soothe my sorrows, and relieve my shame:
' Beneath his tender care, my woes decreas'd,
' More than Religion's, he was Pity's priest;

‘ To reach his bounty my affection ſtrove,
‘ Till gratitude was heighten'd into love:
‘ Nor he at length refus'd the lover's part,
‘ The pity that adorn'd, betray'd his heart.
‘ How ardently he wiſh'd the nuptial rite,
‘ In holy wedlock, might our hands unite:
‘ But ſtern Religion at our vows exclaim'd,
‘ And tore the bands that Love and Nature fram'd:
‘ For then devoted to her hallow'd ſhrine,
‘ His country's laws forbade him to be mine.
‘ Tho' from my mind each flatt'ring thought retir'd,
‘ And in my boſom, Hope and Peace expir'd;
‘ Yet on their ruins, Love triumphant roſe:
‘ Enough—ſhame o'er the reſt a mantle throws:
‘ At length Remorſe effaced the guilty ſcene,
‘ And to his breaſt apply'd her dagger keen;
‘ Reſtrain'd in full career the erring youth,
‘ And led him back to Innocence and Truth:
‘ 'Twas then he fled from Pleaſure's roſy bow'rs,
‘ To woo Religion in theſe gloomy tow'rs:

‘ Yet ere he fled, my bliſs he fondly plann'd,
‘ And ſcatter'd riches with a laviſh hand:
‘ Ah, what to me avail'd the golden ſtore?
‘ The giver gone, the gift cou'd charm no more.

‘ While in the gloom his tedious abſence caſt,
‘ My former life in fancy I repaſs'd,
‘ Repentance gain'd admiſſion to my breaſt,
‘ Nor did it enter an unwelcome gueſt:
‘ For ne'er to Pleaſure I diſmiſs'd the rein
‘ Free and unconſcious of Reflection's pain;
‘ If hapleſs LEONORA lov'd too well,
‘ Content, fair Virtue's friend, with Virtue fell:
‘ But not my ſtubborn ſoul cou'd pray'r ſubdue,
‘ Ev'n grafted on remorſe my paſſion grew;
‘ Too fatal paſſion—by its impulſe led,
‘ In man's attire to this retreat I fled:
‘ Yet then, ev'n then to baſhful Fear allied,
‘ Still o'er my Love did Modeſty preſide.
‘ In thoſe ſweet moments that precede the night,
‘ When peaceful Nature wears a ſoften'd light,

‘ I met the youth within the ſolemn grove,
‘ (His frequent walk) abſorb'd in heav'nly love:
‘ By warm occaſion eagerly impell'd,
‘ A ſudden fear my ready ſteps witheld:
‘ While God and he employ the trembling ſcene,
‘ 'Twere ſacrilege, I cried, to ruſh between:
‘ Still from that hour my wiſhes I reſtrain'd,
‘ And in my breaſt th' unwilling ſecret chain'd,
‘ Unknown to him, yet half-content I grew,
‘ So that his form might daily charm my view.
‘ But new Affliction, with relentleſs hand,
‘ O'erthrew the project that my heart had plan'd:
‘ Amid the horrors of the loneſome night,
‘ A ghaſtly ſpectre ruſh'd upon my ſight,
‘ And pour'd theſe accents on my trembling ear,'
‘ *Think not Impiety ſhall triumph here:*
‘ *Thy hopes are blaſted—Death's tremendous bell*
‘ *Shall ſound, ere many hours, thy lover's knell:*
‘ I ſtarted from my couch, with fright impreſs'd,
‘ Flew to the fane to calm my anxious breaſt;

' By love then prompted—yet by love diſmay'd,
' The peopled choir I tremblingly ſurvey'd;
' Still mid th' innumerous monaſtic train,
' Theſe eyes ſolicited his form in vain:
' Nor in the field or penſive grove retir'd
' Could I diſcover whom my heart requir'd:
' Then ſure (I cried) at this unhappy hour
' Does Anguiſh o'er his cell diffuſe its pow'r:
' Shall LEONORA not relieve his pain,
' And with theſe arms his drooping head ſuſtain?
' Say, at the couch, when Death is ſtalking round,
' Shall not the ſpouſe of his fond heart be found!
' Ah no—th' affection that ſubdues me ſtill,
' At that dread moment check'd my ardent will,
' Leſt ruſhing on his ſight I ſhould controul
' The holy thoughts that hover'd o'er his ſoul.

' This low'ring morn diſclos'd the fatal truth:
' Oh early loſt—oh lov'd—oh hapleſs youth—

‘ Fix’d to the column of the hallow’d porch—
‘ ’Twas ſcarcely light—ſome Fury lent her torch—
‘ I read—

The pious ARABERT’*s no more,*
The peace the dead require, for him implore:

‘ Let peace, let joy, (I ſaid) his ſpirit join,
‘ Nor joy, nor peace muſt e’er encircle mine.
‘ Lamented youth! too tenderly allied,
‘ In vain you fled me, and in vain you died;
‘ Still to your image, which this breaſt inurns,
‘ My conſtant heart a lamp perpetual burns.

‘ But thou, to whom as friend he did impart
‘ Each latent wiſh, and foible of the heart;
‘ For well I know, where Sorrow drops a tear,
‘ Or Miſery complains, thou ſtill art near;
‘ Ah ſay, by love did my known image dreſt,
‘ Come to his mind thus welcome, thus careſt?
‘ Or on his ſoul come ruſhing undeſir’d,
‘ The fatal fair, by female arts inſpir’d,

‘ Who dimm'd the luſtre of his radiant name,
‘ And from his temples tore the flow'r of fame:
‘ Who thro' the labyrinth of Pleaſure's bow'r
‘ Allur'd (for beauty ſuch as mine had pow'r)
‘ Ev'n to the dang'rous ſteep—and caſt him down
‘ From high repute to grov'ling diſrenown:
‘ Wretch that I am, to my diſtreſsful ſtate
‘ There wanted not th' addition of his hate:
‘ For him I plung'd my artleſs youth in ſhame,
‘ Unlock'd reſerve, and ſacrific'd my fame:
‘ Still, ſtill I fear (unable to confide,)
‘ Before my ARABERT, the lover died:
‘ This thought (to thee I'll own) ſuſpends my grief,
‘ While cold Indifference comes to my relief:
‘ Say, virtuous ANSELM, if this thought be vain,
‘ And give, Oh give me all my grief again!

‘ To her replied the pity-breathing ſeer,
‘ Mark well my words, and loſe thy idle fear:
‘ When on the couch of Death, the victim lay,
‘ Not in that moment was his friend away:

' As at his ſide I took my mournful ſtand,
' With feeble graſp he ſeiz'd my offer'd hand,
' And thus began:—" The fatal dart is ſped,
" Soon, ſoon ſhall ARABERT encreaſe the dead:
" 'Tis well—for what can added life beſtow,
" But days returning ſtill with added woe:
" Say, have I not ſecluded from my ſight,
" The lovely object of my paſt delight?
" Ah, had I too dethron'd her from my mind,
" When here the holy brotherhood I join'd,
" Remorſe wou'd not, encreaſing my diſeaſe,
" Prey on my ſoul, and rob it of its eaſe:
" And yet I ſtrove, unequal to the part,
" Weak to perform the ſacrifice of heart:
" And now, ev'n now, too feeble to controul,
" I feel her clinging to my parting ſoul:"
' He ſpoke—(my ſympathetic boſom bled)
' And to the realms of Death his ſpirit fled.

The fair rejoin'd: ' Miſled by foul diſtruſt,
' To him, whoſe heart was mine, am I unjuſt?

'Ah, ARABERT, th' unwilling fault forgive,
'Dead to th' alluring world, in thee I live:
'My thoughts, my deep regret, my ſorrows own,
'No view, no object ſtill but thee alone:
'At all the vengeance burſting from above,
'Alarm'd, I weep, I ſhudder, yet I love.'

As thus ſhe ſpoke, the death-bell ſmote her ear,
While to the porch the fun'ral train drew near:
Ah, LEONORE, in that tremendous hour,
Did'ſt thou not feel all Heav'n's avenging pow'r,
When moving thro' the iſle, the choral band,
And veſted prieſts, with torches in their hand,
Gave to thy view, unfortunately dear,
Thy lover ſleeping on th' untimely bier?

Collecting now at length her ſcatter'd force,
With trembling footſteps ſhe approach'd the corſe,
And while ſhe check'd the conflict in her breaſt,
The wide-encircling throng ſhe thus addreſs'd:

‘ Well may ye mark me with aſtoniſh’d eyes,
‘ Audacious hypocrite in man’s diſguiſe;
‘ Who urg’d by paſſion, dar’d with ſteps profane,
‘ Approach the hallow’d dome of Virtue’s train:
‘ Lead me, ah lead me, to the dungeon’s gloom,
‘ The rack prepare—I yield me to your doom:
‘ Yet ſtill ſhould Pity in your breaſt abide,
‘ And Pity ſure to Virtue is allied,
‘ To my diſtreſs benign attention lend,
Your acts of rigor for a while ſuſpend,
‘ Till o’er this bier (’tis Nature’s kind relief)
‘ I’ve pour’d my plaints, and paid the rites of Grief:
‘ Ah, he was dearer to this bleeding heart,
‘ Far dearer than expreſſion can impart.

‘ Thou who didſt place us in this vale of tears:
‘ Where Sorrow blaſts the plant that Pleaſure rears:
‘ If, as the tenets of our creed require,
‘ Thy waken’d juſtice breathe immortal ire;
‘ If Love, from whence ev’n here misfortunes flow,
‘ Beyond the grave you curſe with endleſs woe?

'Ah not on ARABERT thy vengeance pour!
'On me, on me thy ſtorm of anger ſhow'r!
'For I allur'd him far from Virtue's way,
'And led his youthful innocence aſtray:
'Ah, not in puniſhment our fate conjoin,
'He ſhar'd the rapture, but the guilt was mine.'

With trembling hand ſhe now the veil withdrew,*
When lo the well-known features ſtruck her view:
Abſorpt in grief ſhe caſt a fond ſurvey——
At length her thoughts in murmurs broke away:
'That eye—which ſhed on mine voluptuous light,
'Alas, how ſunk in everlaſting night?
'See from thoſe lips the living colour fled,
'Where Love reſided, and where Pleaſure fed!
'And where bright Eloquence had pour'd her ſtore
'Dumb Horror ſits—and Wiſdom is no more:
'Yet ere the worm (ſince this is doom'd its prey)
'Shall ſteal the ling'ring likeneſs quite away,

* 'Tis uſual to bury the monks of La Trappe in their monaſtic habit extended on a plank.

'On that cold lip ſure LEONORE may dwell,
'And, free from guilt, imprint the long farewel:'
She added not—but bending low her head,
Three times the mourner kiſs'd th' unconſcious dead.

Now holy ANSELM urg'd her to reſtrain
Her boundleſs grief, in rev'rence of the fane:
She anſwer'd, ſtarting from the ſable bier,
'Can I forget that ARABERT was dear!
'Can I, cold monitor, from hence remove,
'His worth unrival'd, and his laſting love!
'Can I forget, as deſtitute I lay,
'To ſickneſs, grief, and penury a prey,
'How eagerly he flew at Pity's call,
'Put forth his hand, and rais'd me from my fall!
'All unſolicited he gave me wealth,
'He gave me ſolace, and he gave me health;
'And, dearer than the bliſs thoſe gifts impart,
'He ſtrain'd me to his breaſt, and gave his heart:
'And ſhall theſe hallow'd walls and awful fane
'Reproach the voice that pours the praiſeful ſtrain?

'Say, at the friend's, the guardian's, lover's tomb,
'Can Sorrow ſleep, and Gratitude be dumb?
'But I ſubmit—and bend thus meekly low,
'To kiſs th' avenging hand that dealt the blow:
'Reſign'd I quit the loſing path I trod,
'Fall'n is my idol—and I worſhip God.'
She ceas'd—the choir intones the fun'ral ſong,
Which holy echoes plaintively prolong;
And now the ſolemn organ, tun'd to woe,
Pour'd the clear notes pathetically ſlow:
Theſe rites perform'd—along th' extending fane,
She now attends the ſlow-proceeding train;
Who o'er the mournful cypreſs-ſhaded way,
To the expecting tomb, the dead convey:
See now the prieſts, the cloſing act prepare,
And to the darkſome vault commit their care:
At this dread ſcene, too feelingly diſtreſs'd,
She pour'd the laſt effuſions of her breaſt.
'Come guardian ſeraph from thy throne above,
'And watch the tomb of my departed love.

She paus'd—then (o'er the yawning tomb reclin'd)
In all the tenderneſs of grief rejoin'd:
' Oh Beauty's flow'r—Oh pleaſure ever new—
' Oh Friendſhip, Love, and Conſtancy adieu:
' Ye virtues that adorn'd th' unhappy youth,
' Affection, Pity, Confidence, and Truth,
' The gen'rous thoughts that with the feeling dwell,
' And ſympathy of heart—farewell, farewell!
' Not all of ARABERT this tomb contains,
' All is not here while LEONORE remains:
' Methinks a voice ev'n animates the clay,
' And in low accents ſummons me away:
' *Haſte* LEONORE—*thy other ſelf rejoin,*
' *And let thy glowing aſhes mix with mine:*
' Ah, truſt me ARABERT! to ſhare thy doom,
' Prepar'd, reſolv'd, I'll meet thee in the tomb:
' Forbear, Oh Heav'n, in pity to theſe tears,
' To curſe my ſorrow with a length of years.

' And when this drooping form ſhall preſs the bier,
' Say, virtuous ANSELM, wilt thou not be near?

'The friendly requiem for my ſoul to crave,
'And lay theſe limbs in this lamented grave?
'Then when this tortur'd heart ſhall ceaſe to burn,
'Our blended duſt ſhall warm the faithful urn:
'Nor diſtant far is that releaſing hour,
'For Nature now oppreſs'd beyond her pow'r,
'Reſigns at length, my troubled ſoul to reſt,
'And Grief's laſt anguiſh ruſhes thro' my breaſt.

Behold her now extended on the ground,
And ſee the ſacred brethren kneeling round:
Them ſhe addreſſes in a fault'ring tone,
'Say, cannot Death my daring crime atone?
'Ah, let Compaſſion now your hearts inſpire,
'Amid your pray'rs, I unalarm'd expire.
'Thou who art ev'n in this dread moment dear,
'Oh, ſhade of ARABERT, ſtill hover near:
'I come.'—
—And now emerging from her woes
('Twas Love's laſt effort) from the earth ſhe roſe;

And, ſtrange to tell, with ſtrong affection fraught,
She headlong plung d into the gloomy vault:
And there, what her impaſſion'd wiſh requir'd,
On the lov'd breaſt of ARABERT expir'd.

To ———

Writen in 1765.

APOLLO bids the Muſes rove,
The lonely path, the ſilent grove:
He bids the Graces oft reſort
To feſtive ſcenes and ſplendid court;
Yet will he let the Muſe repair
To where CHARLOTTA guards her heir;
Unblam'd the royal babe approach,
And ſtrew freſh flow'rets o'er his couch.
As on his cheek buds Nature's roſe,
With Virtue's bud his boſom glows;
Whoſe foliage opening into day,
Shall each *parental* ſtreak diſplay:
And when the coming Spring prevails,
With ſweets *maternal*, ſcent the gales.

Your choiceſt wreaths, ye fairies, bring,
To crown the little embrio King:

Behold that hand with gewgaws play,
Which ſhall Britannia's ſceptre ſway:
Attentive o'er the nurs'ry plain,
Behold him range his mimic men:
Unconſcious of the future hour,
When veſted with imperial pow'r,
He, hero-like, ſhall lead his train,
To combat on a real plain;
While Victory ſhall bleſs the war,
And ſcatter laurels from her car:——

Illuſtrious babe, tho' deaf to praiſe,
For thee I frame theſe humble lays:
The day will come (but may kind fate
Keep back that day 'till very late)
When thou, thy much lov'd father's heir,
Like him ſhalt grace the regal chair;
Shalt hold, approv'd, th' imperial helm,
And bleſs, like him, a grateful realm.
Oh! then ſhall Praiſe ring out her peal,
And Flatt'ry her bright flow'rets deal:

Ah! if thine eye in future time
Should chance to mark this artleſs rhyme,
Thou'lt find one of the Muſes' train,
For thee awak'd his gentle ſtrain:
What time unconſcious of the theme,
That did unfold thy future fame;
Thou could'ſt not with a ſmile reward
The numbers of th' unvenal bard:
While they who ſhall theſe lines peruſe,
If lines like theſe ſurvive their Muſe,
Shall own, when they look up to you,
That he was Bard and Prophet too.

EPITAPH on Miſs JERNINGHAM.

JANUARY 1773.

AH, venerate this hallow'd ground,
And mark the infant-virtues round!
See Innocence, celeſtial fair,
With Childhood, Heav'n's peculiar care:
See Beauty opening into bloom,
Bending o'er this youthful tomb:
Behold Affection that endears,
And Wit beyond an infant's years,
And Conſtancy (mid mortal pain,
Still, ſtill refuſing to complain)
By Sorrow led, a choral band,
Fix'd on this ſacred ſpot, they ſtand!
And as they view this marble ſtone,
Their little Miſtreſs they bemoan.

TO

MR. MASON

The Day before he publiſhed his ENGLISH GARDEN.

YE whom the ray of Genius warms,
Whom Fancy moves, and Nature charms,
Diſmiſs Amuſement's idle toy,
Suſpend the joys that know to cloy,
To higher pleaſure dare aſpire,
To-morrow MASON wakes his Lyre.

This Lyre the weeping Muſes ſaid,
Was as it lay on MONA's head, *
Stol'n by an angel in the night
And born to Heav'n's etherial height:
Not ſo—this Lyre was lately found,
By Nature in her garden ground,

* Alluding to Caractacus.

Interr'd in flow'rs of rich perfume,
While FLORA watch'd the fragrant tomb.

Bright Nature caſt a fond ſurvey,
Then bruſh'd the ſhading flow'rs away:
With her own wreath the cords entwin'd,
Then to her bard the ſhell reſign'd,
And he to favor her deſire,
To-morrow wakes the ſounding Lyre.

WRITEN IN Mr. HUME'S HISTORY.

BIG with the tales of other years,
Here lays th' hiſtoric tome;
Which to the penſive mind appears
A deep capacious tomb:

Where long embalm'd by CLIO's hand,
The patriot and the ſlave,
Who ſav'd, and who betray'd the land,
Preſs one extenſive grave:

With thoſe that graſp'd th' imperial helm,
And trod the path of Pow'r:
With thoſe who grac'd fair Learning's realm,
And Beauty's fairer bow'r.

If thus th' illuſtrious cloſe their ſcene,
Oblivion then may laugh:
What flows from HUME's recording pen
Is but an Epitaph!

Imitated from the FRENCH.

STRAYING beſide yon wood-ſkreen'd river,
Dan Cupid met my wond'ring view;
His feather'd arrows ſtor'd his quiver,
Each feather glow'd a diff'rent hue:

'For him who frames the daring deed,
'(The little godhead ſaid and laugh'd)
'To fly with Miſs beyond the Tweed,
'An eagle's plume adorns the ſhaft.

'The prattler vain of his addreſs,
'The magpye's feathers never fail;
'And for the youth too fond of dreſs,
'I rob the gaudy peacock's tail.

'Whene'er I mean to rouſe the care
'That lurks within the jealous heart,
'The owl that wings the midnight air
'Lends his grave plume to load the dart.

'But rarely when I would aſſail
'The conſtant heart with truth impreſt,
'Then for the trembling ſhaft I ſteal
'A feather from the turtle's breaſt:

'Lo! one with that ſoft plumage crown'd,
'Which more than all my arms I prize:
'Alas! I cried, this gave the wound,
'When late you ſhot from JULIA's eyes.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

AN

HISTORICAL INTERLUDE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS hiſtorical Interlude is form'd upon the ſame plan that ROUSSEAU compoſed his *Pygmalion*, which is a new ſpecies of dramatic Entertainment, conſiſting of a Monologue that is often ſuſpended by the interpoſition of muſic, which muſt ſympathiſe with the paſſions and feelings of the perſonage who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak.

The following little drama was perform'd by Miſs YOUNGE on her benefit night, and received from that celebrated actreſs all the ſpirit and colouring that excellence of acting can give. The muſic (the compoſition of Mr. HOOK) was happily adapted to the tendency of the poem.

The ſubject is taken from a remarkable incident in the life of MARGARET. That unfortunate

QUEEN

QUEEN flying with her ſon ‘ into a foreſt after the ‘ Battle of *Hexham*, ſaw a robber approach with ‘ his naked ſword, and finding that ſhe had no ‘ means of eſcape, ſhe ſuddenly embrac'd the reſolu- ‘ tion of truſting entirely for protection to his gene- ‘ roſity. The man whoſe humanity and generous ‘ ſpirit had been obſcured, not entirely loſt by his ‘ vicious courſe of life, was ſtruck with the ſingula- ‘ rity of the event, and charmed with the confi- ‘ dence repoſed in him, and he vow'd not only to ‘ abſtain from all injury againſt the Queen, but to ‘ devote himſelf intirely to her ſafety and protec- ‘ tion.’

HUME, CHAP. xxii.

N. B. The Aſtericks mark the pauſes that admitted the muſic.

MARGARET OF ANJOU

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter MARGARET *with her Son.*

THE fierce purſuers will not here perchance
Diſcover us: the thick-inwoven umbrage
Of theſe gigantic trees will ſpread concealment:
Yet as their ſolemn branches wave, ſtrange fear
Poſſeſſes me: yet all is ſtill as night.
No thund'ring tread of horſemen arm'd, no quick
Approaching footſteps ruſh upon my ear.
The ſhouts of rebel victory are loſt
And fade away, ere they can pierce theſe ſhades:
Ah what a victory! He whoſe meek ſway
Solicited his people's grateful love,
My HENRY! England's monarch fail'd, and at
The dying groan of ſtern Defeat, that panted
Still for conqueſt, he too ſure expired:
While I, a wretched outcaſt of the throne,

Rove deſolate amid theſe ſavage walks,
Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry hope bereft:

(To her Child)

But thou, my EDWARD, ſtill art mine! ah lay
Thy weary limbs on yonder bank, and I
Will watch beſide thee.

(Leads him to a Bank)

He ſleeps unconſcious of the dire diſtreſs
That hovers o'er his head, kind Ignorance
That drops her veil before his infant eyes:
Yet as he bloſſoms into youth, the hand
Of Time with-drawing back the veil, ſhall for
The radiant proſpect he this morn was heir to
Shall offer to his view a throne o'erturn'd
And floating in the blood of all his friends;
Ah what a ſight! it urges me to madneſs.

Yet all that Courage cou'd effect was done:
When wild Diſſenſion her torn banners rear'd,
Which inſolently wav'd o'er HENRY's head
While he beneath their ſhade a captive ſtood,
I, feeble agent, hurried to the field,
And at that moment loſing all the fears
That haunt the female breaſt, I call'd to Loyalty
To ſnatch my HENRY from Rebellion's arm:
The valiant troops who then encircled me
On Wakefield's day perform'd their duty well,
And on St. Alban's memorable plain
I ſaw defeated WARWICK wing his flight
And reſcued HENRY haſten to theſe arms.

Yet what avail theſe momentary triumphs!
Ev'n while I ſpeak perchance my HENRY lies
Extended on the plain, deform'd with wounds,

While o'er his ſacred corſe the hoſtile band
Irreverently paſs, and with vile taunts
Upbraid his overthrow: nor was I preſent
To ſolace his laſt moments, catch the accents
Of his departing voice, and cloſe his fading eyes.

Th' illuſtrious youth on whoſe bright armour gleam'd
The morning ſun! of all that valiant train
Not one remains to guard yon helpleſs innocent.
—Darkneſs ſpreads: cold deſcending night-air chills
My boſom, while a murm'ring noiſe that tells
The coming ſtorm, ſounds thro' the conſcious branches
Of this wood: Ah where ſhall I betake me!

(Walking in a diſtracted manner)

If at ſome hamlet-door I knock, will not
Theſe robes betray me! and the ſum that's ſet
Upon that Infant's head, ah will it not
Invite the ſimple cottager to treachery!
Yet here to brave the ſtern inclement ſky,

With all the horrors of deſcending night,
My trembling heart refuſes—I will lead
Him hence, vain thought: Ah, to what ſtranger heart
Dare I confide my ſon? Shou'd he be torn
From theſe weak arms, yes, well, too well I know,
This anxious heart wou'd at that moment burſt.

The Pow'r above who ſees into the depth
Of my great ſorrow, knows that not to pride,
That not to Exaltation's gaudy honors
I e'er entruſted my felicity:
Amid the rude misfortunes that encircled me
The pulſe of Pleaſure throbb'd within my breaſt
When I embrac'd my ſon: of him bereft,
Calamity's ſharp fangs will tear my heart-ſtrings.
Ye cruel ruffians give me back my ſon:
Ah me! wild fear foreruns my loſs, and joins
The future moment to the preſent time.

(Kneeling)

Oh thou, all ſeeing Providence, if e'er
The ſcenes on earth attract thy ſacred notice!
Then, let thy knowing clear deſcerning eye,
Whence radiant Pity beams, o'er my misfortune
Pauſe—And, thus humbly as I bend reſign'd,
Let not my falling ruinous ſtate, while it
O'erwhelms the mother, cruſh the child.

(Riſing)

The night encreaſes, I muſt wake my ſon.

(Hanging fondly over him)

How ſleep poſſeſſes him! Perhaps this ſlumber
Is doom'd his laſt—perhaps—what do I ſee
Stretch'd on a bier, methinks I ſee him gaſh'd
With daggers——Ah, 'twas fancy bodied forth

This cruel image, ſtill my EDWARD breathes,
And theſe fond arms embrace my living child.

PRINCE.

Oh mother lead me hence——

MARGARET.

Say, whither ſhall
I lead my EDWARD?

PRINCE.

Lead me to my Father!
Why do you weep? Ah wherefore not reply?
Say, is my father ſlain?

MARGARET.

I know not that.

PRINCE.

Whence was that noiſe?

MARGARET.

It was the chiding gale:
Ah no, it is the ſound of hoſtile ſteps.

(*Enter Robber*)

ROBBER.

Who e'er thou art, I ſee thou'rt in diſtreſs,
I too am well acquainted with Misfortune,
And greater ſtill than thine, for at my door
Pale Famine ſits, while ſtarving children ſend
A mournful peal: if ought thou haſt conceal'd
Within this wood, give me the hoarded treaſure.

MARGARET.

Ah here is all my treaſure.

(*Pointing to her child*)

ROBBER.

Trifle not,
Give me thy treaſure, or I'll ſlay thy child.

MARGARET.

Arreſt that impious arm, He is thy Prince!
Talk not of want; of Miſery's ſcourging hand
Complain no more; in me, in me behold
Diſtreſsful MARG'RET, England's vanquiſh'd Queen!
And all the treaſure left her from the field,
The cruel havock of this morning's fight,
Is center'd in this Child.

ROBBER

Thanks to my God
I'm not ſo loſt in vice, ſo deep-ingulph'd
In woe, but that my Sovereign's diſtreſs
Obliterates my own: forgive the bold,
(*Kneeling*)
The ſavage mode in which I firſt accoſted thee,
And in atonement for my crime accept,

Deign to accept what now my duty offers.
I'll lead thee thro' ſome dark and winding pathway
Of this wild foreſt to a neighb'ring river,
Where rides a Bark, whoſe canvaſs courts the gales
That fly to France: where thou, unhappy Queen,
May'ſt find a ſafe retreat from the wild dangers
That ſurround thee.

MARGARET.

Riſe, riſe, I dare confide
Myſelf and my lov'd child to your protection;
Lead on: amid the horrors of this hour,
Reft of a Crown, a Huſband, ev'ry Friend,
Amid this mighty ruin, EDWARD lives,
And wretched MARGARET ſtill ſhall be a Mother.
This godlike deed of thine, thou gen'rous man,
From out the wond'rous ſtory of this day
Shall ſhine to lateſt time, the moſt illuſtrious.

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON:

UPON

DREAMS.

NOVEMBER 1777.

I

AS Echo's voice returns the pleaſing lay,
So is a Dream the Echo of the day:
The buſy thoughts that round ſome object teem
Oft join in ſleep to form the nightly theme,
Then bright-ey'd Fancy lifts her magic wand
While ſcenes unreal riſe at her command:
Then Comedy, with all her laughing train
Straight iſſues from the porch of Comus' fane,
And bringing with her all her pleaſing wiles,
Her pranks, her gambols, and her winning ſmiles,
She bids her merry troop approach the bed
And beat their airy dance round ANSTEY's head.

II

Still when ſome choſen fair commands the heart
Gay Fancy acts at night her mimic part:
With ſkillful hand ſhe decks the living ſcene
And uſhers to the view the boſom's Queen.
Ye lovers anſwer to the truth I ſing;
Say, does not Fancy to your ſlumber bring,
Dreſs'd by each grace in Beauty's beſt array,
The welcome fair who charm'd you thro' the day!
Does not her form return to glad the ſight,
Like Cynthia burſting thro' the cloud of night!
How pleas'd each well-known feature we deſcry,
That look of ſenſe—that eloquence of eye—
She ſpeaks— her words beyond vain Muſic's art
Steal on our ſlumber and enchant the heart.

III

Sometimes a dream anticipates the date,
Comes as a prophet to reveal our fate:
And thus, ere YORICK ſunk into the tomb,
The Prieſt of ſentiment foreſaw his doom:

'Twas night—his ſolitary couch he preſs'd,
Till ſorrow-worn he wearied into reſt;
ELIZA then ſoft gliding on his view,
Thus o'er his ſlumber breath'd her ſad adieu:
'Oh thou my guardian, confident, and friend,
'To what thy hand-maid now reveals attend:
'No longer now the gift of Health implore,
'The curtain drops, and thy ſhort ſcene is o'er;
'Yet ere thy feeling ſpirit takes its flight,
'Yet ere I'm robb'd (of all my bliſs) thy ſight,
'Some fond endearment to ELIZA ſhew,
'And thy laſt bleſſing on thy Child beſtow.'

The viſion ceas'd—yet then the ſhaul ſhe ſpread *
To raiſe compaſſionate his drooping head,
And (from her eyes as beads of ſorrow fell)
Low on her knees receiv'd his laſt farewell.

IV

Oft playful Fancy ſheds a brighter beam,
And prompts the ſplendid allegoric dream:

* See the Letters to Eliza.

Thus late while Sleep my closing eyelids seal'd
This visionary scene she then reveal'd;
Methought, encompass'd by a brilliant train,
I reach'd the steps of bright Minerva's fane;
Full in the midst a mystic vase I view'd,
Round which the Muses new-blow flow'rets strew'd:
Arm'd with the lyre I saw a youthful band
Who wak'd the sounding chords, with skillful hand:
Unnumber'd beauties silent stood around,
Who grac'd as softer priests the hallow'd ground:
There Virtue wore her most attractive mein,
And in the form of MARLBOROUGH was seen.
The Graces, skill'd the cultur'd mind to win,
Knock'd at the door, and BAMFYLDE let them in.
This visionary scene by Fancy bred,
Remov'd, and thro the gates of Morning fled.
I care not that the vision sought the skies
While MILLER's dome Minerva's fane supplies:
Ye Youths! ye Fair! accept the verse that's due,
The splendid Dream is realzied in you.

A L B I N A.

WOU'D genius to my fond demand
My earneſt bold requeſt beſtow,
A vivid pencil to this hand,
Dipt in the brilliant vernal bow:

How eager wou'd I then engage
(With faithful and unerring aim)
To paint on the poetic page
ALBINA's elegance of frame!

Her treſſes—dark with auburn hue:
Her brow ſerene—young Candour's throne:
Her timid eye—whoſe languid blue
Sheds charms peculiarly its own.

Her cheek—that wears a lively glow :
  Not after the freſh morning ſhow'r
Can Italy's rich ſummer ſhew,
  On all her banks ſo bright a flow'r.

Her cherry lip—inviting bliſs,
  Where Love deliciouſly repoſes,
Accompained by many a kiſs
  On fragrant leaves of breathing roſes.

Yet who can paint her beauteous mind !
  There Innocence has fix'd her ſeat ;
There eaſy wit, and taſte refin'd,
  And ſentiment and knowledge meet.

Love, who oft whelms the fair in woe,
  Soon robb'd her guileſs mind of reſt :
Affection's flame deſſolved the ſnow
  That lodg'd within her ſpotleſs breaſt.

As ſtill the Eaſt the morn-beams ſtreak
  And gild the portal of the Day,
So did her morning thought ſtill break
  On the ſame Youth with Ardour's ray:

As the laſt glimm'rings of the ſky
  Pauſe on the lake, ere they expire,
Each night her thought (as clos'd her eye)
  Died on the Youth of her deſire.

The nuptials eager to profane
  The bold unfeeling treach'rous Youth,
Led the chaſte Maiden to the fane
  With all the mockery of Truth.

There a domeſtic in diſguiſe
  The office of a prieſt ſupplied;
While the deceiver, led by Vice,
  Religion's dread reproach defied.

Hypocrify with down-caft air,
  Profaneneſs with an atheift eye,
And Luft with a malignant leer,
  Remark'd the mock-connubial tie.

o ſooner had the youth prevail'd,
  Succeſsful in his impious aim,
He left the drooping fair aſſail'd
  By Grief, by Infamy, and Shame.

'Twas then the beauteous mourner woo'd
  Meek Quiet in her lonely ſeat,
Where Competency watchful ſtrew'd
  Her ſober treaſures at her feet.

I'll not the little pathway tell
  That winds to thy ſequeſter'd ſcene;
Where Virtue loves with thee to dwell,
  Remote—unſeeing and unſeen.

Where Resignation takes her stand,
Prompt to perform her friendly part,
And gathers with a trembling hand,
The Fragments of a Broken Heart.

An Engliſh Officer in the late war being taken priſoner by the French Indians, became the ſlave of an old Indian chief, who treated him with humanity. One day the Indian took the Officer up a hill, and addreſs'd him as follows.

See the Anecdotes of Literature, vol. 5th.

THE
INDIAN CHIEF.

'TWELVE tedious moons haſt thou my captive been,
'I've taught thee how to build the ſwift canoe,
'To chace the boar, prepare the beaver's ſkin,
'To ſpeed the ſhaft, and ſcalp the ſhrieking foe.

'Say, does thy Father ſleep within his grave?'—
'Oh Heav'n forbid, the feeling youth replied!—
'Then do his ſorrows all my pity crave,'
The chief return'd—' 'Twere better he had died.

'I was a Father once—oh valiant Son!
'Thy loſs each low'ring morn and eve recall.
'To ſhield my years, to Danger's path he run;
'Theſe eyes beheld the gallant warrior fall:

'And Glory ſaw him fall with wounds o'erſpread,
'Bold on his boſom ev'ry wound he bore:
'I rent the forelock from his murderer's head
And left him breathleſs on the crimſon ſhore.

'Since that ſad day my hours no pleaſure ſhare'—
The Indian chief now paus'd with ſorrow fraught,
Wrapt in the awful ſilence of deſpair;
At length in words he cloath'd his mournful thought.

'Behold that ſun! how bright it ſhines to you!
'Since that ſad day to me it looks a cloud:
'How gay yon blooming roſes meet your view!
'To me Grief drops o'er Nature's breaſt a ſhroud.

'Go virtuous ſtranger, to thy Father go,
'Wipe from his furrow'd cheek Misfortune's tear:
'Go, bid the ſun to him his ſplendor ſhew,
'And bid the flow'r in all her bloom appear.'

ON SEEING

Mrs. MONTAGU's PICTURE.

HAD this fair form the mimic art diſplays
Adorn'd in Roman time the brighteſt days,
In ev'ry dome, in ev'ry ſacred place
Her ſtatue wou'd have breath'd an added grace,
And on its baſis would have been enroll'd
This is Minerva caſt in Virtue's mould.

INSCRIPTION
FOR
A REED-HOUSE.*

Say, if to shun the noisy day,
The summer sun's oppressive ray,
Thou visit'st Contemplation's cell,
Here tarry—she'll repay thee well:
For she can bid each passion cease
And soothe the troubled heart to peace,
Can to thy sober wishes yield
Contentment's flow'r and Wisdom's shield.

* At *Coffy*, the Seat of Sir WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.

THE

VENETIAN MARRIAGE.

THE weſtern ſun's expiring ray
To VENICE gave a milder day;
Till by degrees the ling'ring light
Hung trembling on the verge of night.
CAMILLA then, with fearful ſoul,
To th' Adriatic margin ſtole,
Where in a bark, at Love's command,
PLACENTIO took his faithful ſtand,
Poſſeſſing now his future bride,
He bade the bark ſecurely glide,
Which far unlike that gally ſhow'd
That down the ſilver Cydnus row'd,

Beneath whoſe purple ſails were ſeen,
Proud Oſtentation's gaudy Queen,
Who ſure of conqueſt, vain of mind,
All languiſhingly lay reclined!
Here Beauty undefil'd by art,
Whoſe boſom own'd a tender heart,
Beneath the ſails from home remov'd,
And truſted to the man ſhe lov'd.

A ſoothing calmneſs lull'd the deep,
And huſh'd each wavy ſurge to ſleep:
The air along the ſultry day,
Scorch'd by the ſummer's fervent ray,
Was freſhen'd by a recent ſhow'r,
While Silence ſolemniz'd the hour.

The ſtill ſolemnity impreſs'd
With awful thoughts CAMILLA's breaſt,
For now by prompting Love impell'd,
Now by Timidity witheld,

The words which to pronounce ſhe tried,
Recoil'd, and unaccented died.
PLACENTO too alike ſubdued,
They ſail'd along in ſilent mood,
And ſtillneſs reign'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Unbroke——but by the daſhing oar.

At length the fair diſſolv'd the charm—
'Ah, wonder not I feel alarm:
'Confiding in thy love I came,
'And riſk'd for thee my virgin fame:
'Ah tell me to what place we ſail,
'For in my boſom fears prevail:
'Yet anſwer not this idle fear,
'Where'er thou art bright Honour's there.'

'The plan I form, the youth replied,
'To Innocence is cloſe allied,
'And fearful of thy virgin fame
'As of her babe the tender dame.

'These waves that wander to the sea
'Wash in their pilgrimage a tree,
'Which spreads its lowly branches wide,
'And dips them in the passing tide:
'There, in a shed compos'd of reeds,
'An aged hermit tells his beads:
'He, gen'rous sage will join our hands
'In wedlock's unremitting bands.
'Then to VALCLUSA we'll repair,
'Where LAURA's soul informs the air:
'Where PETRARCH's spirit hovers round,
'The guardian of the sacred ground,
'Forbidding still the fiend of art,
'That shrewd perverter of the heart,
'The snake, Inconstancy, to rove
'Within the paradise of Love.

'As when chill Winter quits the land,
'The snow-drop does her leaves expand,
'So may chill fears your breast release,
'Till gently it expands to peace,

'Mild as theſe twilight breezes blow,
'Soft as the waves on which we flow.'

'Ye walls where firſt I drew the air,
'Return'd (aſſur'd) the beauteous fair;
'Ye turrets which but dimly ſeen
'Encreaſe the terrour of the ſcene!
'Ye ſtately tow'rs! and riſing ſpires!
'From you CAMILLA now retires.
'Thou tomb whoſe pious urn contains
'My ſacred Parents' cold remains:
'Ye partners of my tender years,
'Whom youthful ſympathy endears:
'Ye joys that crown my native coaſt,
'Well for PLACENTIO all are loſt.'

She ceas'd—and on her penſive ſoul
Again an awful muſing ſtole,
Such as the twilight ſcene excites,
Such as the feeling heart delights;

For as the coy nocturnal flow'r *
No more its ſweets at eve witholds,
So the meek heart at th' evening hour
Its ſenſibility unfolds.

See now they reach the ſacred cell
Where Wiſdom, Peace, and Virtue dwell:
There, bent beneath the weight of age,
They find prepar'd th' expecting ſage.
He hail'd them in a friendly tone,
And bade them call his cell their own:
Where roſe an altar form'd of moſs,
Crown'd with a ſimple wooden croſs!
There too a taper, mildly bright,
Supplied a pompous glare of light:
No holy relick rich-enchas'd
This humble low-roof'd temple grac'd.
But flow'rets from the neighb'ring wood,
The unambitious altar ſtrew'd:

* The night-ſmelling Geranium.

For incenſe they exhal'd perfume,
For ornament they gave their bloom.

The hermit ſpoke—' Hail virtuous pair,
' May ſorrow now your boſom ſpare:
' Tho' youth be yours, yet well I know
' You've taſted deep of human woe!
' Control, and Art, and Baſeneſs join'd,
' To cancel what your hearts deſign'd:
' But now Misfortune's reign is o'er,
' And Pleaſure opens all her ſtore.'

See now the youthful pair unite,
To meet the hymeneal rite:
Pronouncing as they lowly bow,
Warm from the heart, the hallow'd vow:
At length the hermit joins their hands
In willing and unvenal bands,
Unſpotted bands! which mutual Love,
And Confidence and Virtue wove.

THE

MEXICAN FRIENDS.*

SEE to the fane HISPANIA's troops repair,
Whose high ascending tow'rs are lost in air:
From whence the MEXICANS with speedy art
Show'r on the foe the death-inflicting dart:
Yet then by CORTEZ led, still undismay'd,
The SPANIARD host the lofty fane invade.
Two valiant youths (whom Friendship's holy hand,
Had join'd with her indissoluble band)

* The sublime instance of heroic friendship that forms the subject of this poem, is recorded by ANTONIO DE SOLIS in his History of the Conquest of Mexico. This is an Episode of a more extensive poem, and being the part that was the most favourably receiv'd, I am not unwilling to sacrifice a few pages for the sake of rendering my poetical offerings more acceptable to the public.

Beheld indignant, ſmit with patriot grief,
The great achievements of the hoſtile chief:
And now JANELLAN thus accoſts his friend:
'Firm to no purpoſe, active to no end,
'See from our gallant men yon hallow'd tow'r
'Already raviſh'd by the invading pow'r:
'Muſt this, committed to our mutual care,
'The ſame defeat, the ſame diſhonour ſhare?
'If ſo——the victor ſhall not long ſurvive—
'A thought that bids my fading hope revive:
'A thought—that like the thunder-flaſh of night
'Darts on my darken'd mind a radiant light—
'But ere my veil'd deſignment I unfold,
'Declare, however raſh, however bold,
'Thou'lt not o'erſhade with Caution's chill controul,
'The warm, the ſplendid purpoſe of my ſoul.'

VENZULA to his breaſt his hand applied,
And thus beyond the pow'r of words replied.

The youth resum'd—' From this aerial height,
' Bid thy bold vision take its deepest flight,
' Down to yon rock, far stretching o'er the shore,
' 'Gainst which the raging waves incessant roar,
' Whose clashing voices into stillness fade,
' Ere this tremendous distance they pervade:
' If Fortune bless what my proud counsels urge!
' Yon waves shall murmur soon the victor's dirge!
' My secret project I will now unveil:
' Should CORTEZ o'er this valiant band prevail,
' Should thro' controulment, and thro' stubborn force,
' Pour like a torrent his destructive course,
' When on this summit first he shall appear,
' I will advance, with well-dissembled fear,
' And, suppliant as I kneel to win his grace,
' I'll dauntless lock him in a stern embrace,
' Bear him reluctant to yon giddy steep,
' Where yawns a dreadful opening to the deep,
' And thence—self-ruin'd for my country's good,
' Plunge with her foe into the whelming flood!'

'VENZULA anſwered—' Yes, I much admire
' What now thy matchleſs virtue dares inſpire:
' But wilt thou, with an avarice of fame,
' The meed of Glory all excluſive claim?
' Wilt thou to perils cloſe to Death adjoin'd
' Advance, and leave thy faithful Friend behind?
' In infancy we ſhar'd the glitt'ring toys,
' And in one circle play'd our harmleſs joys:
' And when we quitted Childhood's lowly vale,
' Where ſpringing flow'rets ſcent the playful gale,
' Still hand in hand we climb'd youth's arduous height,
' Whence greater ſcenes expanded on the ſight,
' Still our purſuits conſenting to one plan,
' Like wedded ſtreams our lives united ran:
' And wilt thou now oppoſe the ſacred tide,
' And bid the friendly waves diſparting glide?'

JANELLAN ſpoke—' Endearing youth forgive:
' The conq'ror of ſome future CORTEZ live!
' Nor mark my fall with Grief's dejected brow,
' View from my death the bright effects that flow:

'Behold the tomb that Gratitude ſhall raiſe,
'Illuſtrious ſignal of my Country's praiſe.'

To this the brave VENZULA made reply,
And as he ſpeke, tears ſtarted from his eye:
'What tho' Felicity thy gift ſhall ſtream
'Sunlike o'er MEXICO with brighteſt beam,
'Not all the ſplendour that her rays impart,
'Will e'er illumine my benighted heart,
'When deſtitute of thee, its only ray,
'Without the hope of kind returning day.

'Yet then to this great argument adjoin'd
'Sublimer motives urge my ſteady mind:
'Recall, recall that joy-diffuſing hour,
'When gay Proſperity adorn'd my bow'r,
'As thy fair ſiſter, half-afraid to ſpeak,
'With down-caſt look, and bluſh-embelliſh'd cheek
'At Love's requeſt aſſented to be mine:
'Of fleeting bliſs vain momentary ſhine:

' For ſhe, in flow'r of Youth and Virtue's bloom,
' Was ſwept untimely to the rav'nous tomb:
' As ſorrow-wounded o'er her couch I hung,
' To catch the tones that faded as they ſprung,
' *The God*, ſhe ſaid, *now ſummons me away,*
' *Far from the confines of th' endearing day:*
' *Thou of the life I loſe the dearest part,*
' *Thou chosen ſpouſe! thou ſun-beam of my heart,*
' *Say, by Affection's glowing hand impreſs'd,*
' *Shall I not live in thy recording breaſt?*
' *If ſacred be the ſuff'rer's laſt deſires,*
' *Revere what now my parting ſoul requires:*
' *I leave a brother, by bright Honour rear'd,*
' *By all approv'd, and much to me endear'd:*
' *Be, for the ſiſter's love, the brother's Friend;*
' *Nor from his ſide depart when ſtorms deſcend:*
' *The palm of Glory waving in your ſight,*
' *In council, peril, enterpriſe unite.*'

' Shall I, when danger calls, conſign to air
' The laſt bequeathing wiſhes of the fair?

'Perdition catch the base unmanly thought!
'By Love's subliming purest dictates taught
'Amid the perils that around thee wait,
'View me resolv'd to share th' impending fate:
'Now to this spot the foe impels the war,
'Discordance screams, opposing lances jar:
'The steep ascent, lo! CORTEZ now has gain'd,
'Ah, mark his spear with streaming gore distain'd.'

The illustrious youths now act their dread design,
See at the victor's knee they low incline!
Now clasp with circling force th' incautious foe,
And close adhering to his figure grow:
Their deadly aim his better fate controll'd,
With matchless pow'r he bursts their stubborn hold:
The heroes, blasted in their bold intent,
Approach'd (Death hov'ring near) the dire descent:
Then, in each other's circling arms compress'd,
The last and dear farewell in sighs express'd:
'Twas Friendship burning with meridian flame,
One cause—one thought—one ruin—and one fame—

Tremendous moment! See, they fall from light,
And dauntleſs ruſh to never ending night!

Ye ſelf-devoted patriot victims, hail!
Oblivion's gulph ſhall ne'er entomb your tale:
While Hiſtory to Time's extremeſt goal
Her ſtream majeſtic ſhall thro' ages roll,
Like two fair flow'rets on one ſtem that blow
Ye on her margin ſhall for ever glow.

TO THE

EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

AUGUST 7th.

RECLIN'D beneath thy ſhade, Blackheath!
From politics and ſtrife apart;
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath,
And virtue ſmilling at his heart:

Will CHESTERFIELD the muſe allow
To break upon his ſtill retreat?
To view if health ſtill ſmooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awak'd the preſent theme,
And bade it reach thy diſtant ear;
Where if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at leaſt is there.

May pale diſeaſe fly far aloof,
O'er venal domes its flag diſplay;
And health beneath thy peaceful roof
Add luſtre to thy evening ray.

If this my fervent wiſh be crown'd,
I'll dreſs with flow'rs the godhead's ſhrine:—
Nor thou with Wiſdom's chaplet bound,
At any abſent gift repine.

What tho' thou doſt not grace a throne,
While ſubjects bend the ſupple knee;
No other king the Muſes own,
And ſcience lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' deafneſs by a doom ſevere
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill;
Or Philomel's delightful air,
Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was ſtrung,
Awake to ev'ry voice around?
Thy praiſes by the many ſung,
Wou'd ſtun thee with the choral ſound!—

GARRICK.

OH hallow'd cenſer form'd by magic pow'r,
To waft the incenſe of bright AVON's flow'r,
When from the ſtage (great SHAKSPEAR's altar) roll
Rich clouds of Fragrance that entrance the ſoul.
Thoſe clouds of Fragrance now no more are ſeen,
No more the votaries throng the ſacred ſcene;
The dumb ſurpriſe that ſolemnis'd the fane,
The glowing pulſe that throb'd in ev'ry vein,
Terror that wildly trod the tragic plain,
And baſhful Love that ſhow'd his ſilken chain,
Compaſſion too the Drama's hallow'd prieſt,
And all the pomp of SHAKSPEAR's rites, are ceas'd.

The forms that iſſued from his mind's vaſt ſtore,
The treaſury of Nature, are no more:
Ambition—prompt to ſeize th' imperial reins,
Who Hoſpitality's pure rite profanes,

And views (as wildly his ſtrain'd eye-balls glare)
The fatal dagger trav'ling thro' the air:

Affection—who half-daring, half-diſmay'd,
Purſues with anxious ſteps a Father's ſhade:
As th' awful form ſtalks ſullenly along
Dread Expectation chills the circling throng:

Proud Cruelty—beſide a languid lamp,
Who 'mid the ſtillneſs of the ſlumb'ring camp,
Amid the terrors of the loneſome night,
Sits deeply muſing on the morrow's fight:
Till worn with thought, with many a care oppreſt,
He drops the world, and wearies into reſt:
In vain—Remorſe now bids her ſcorpions roll
In horrid volumes round his tortur'd ſoul.

Old age—who baniſh'd from his native throne,
Forc'd from the door ſo lately call'd his own,
Stands mutt'ring to the foul and midnight air
(In beggar'd robes) the accents of Deſpair:

Unreverenc'd, ſhun'd, rejected, and revil'd,
Stung at the mockery of an impious child,
And while the big tears trickle from his eyes,
I gave you all, the generous Father cries,
Let the fierce ſpirit of the tempeſt ſhed
The raging torrent on this hoary head;
The worſt is paſt, let the loud thunder burſt,
The drooping Sire is by a Daughter curſt.

Theſe were the ſcenes late held to BRITAIN's view,
On which ſhe gaz'd with tranſport ever new:
Endearing ſcenes! Ah never to return,
While Genius ſorrows o'er a GARRICK's urn.

FINIS.